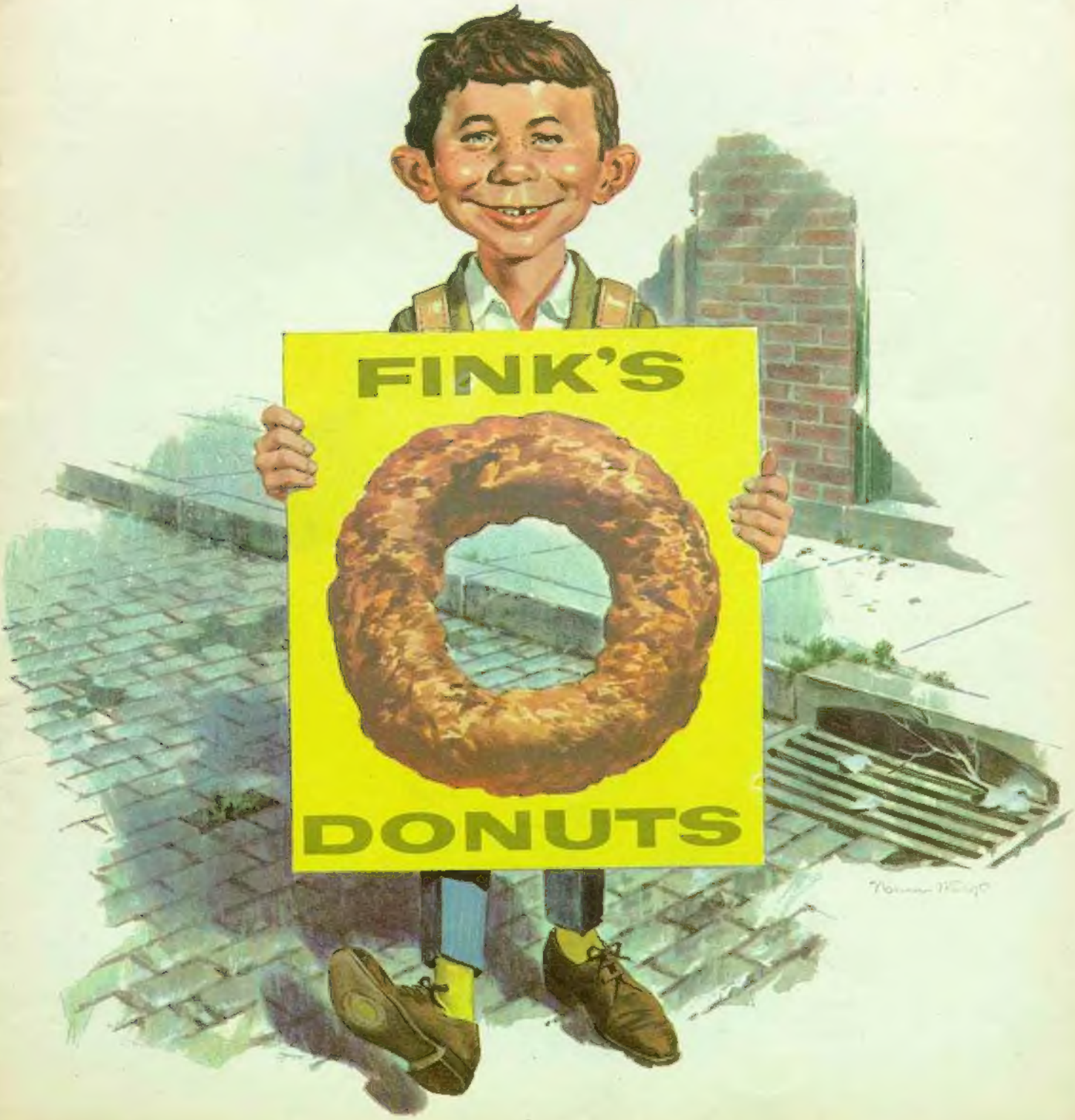
MAD

NO. 90 Oct. '64

OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP

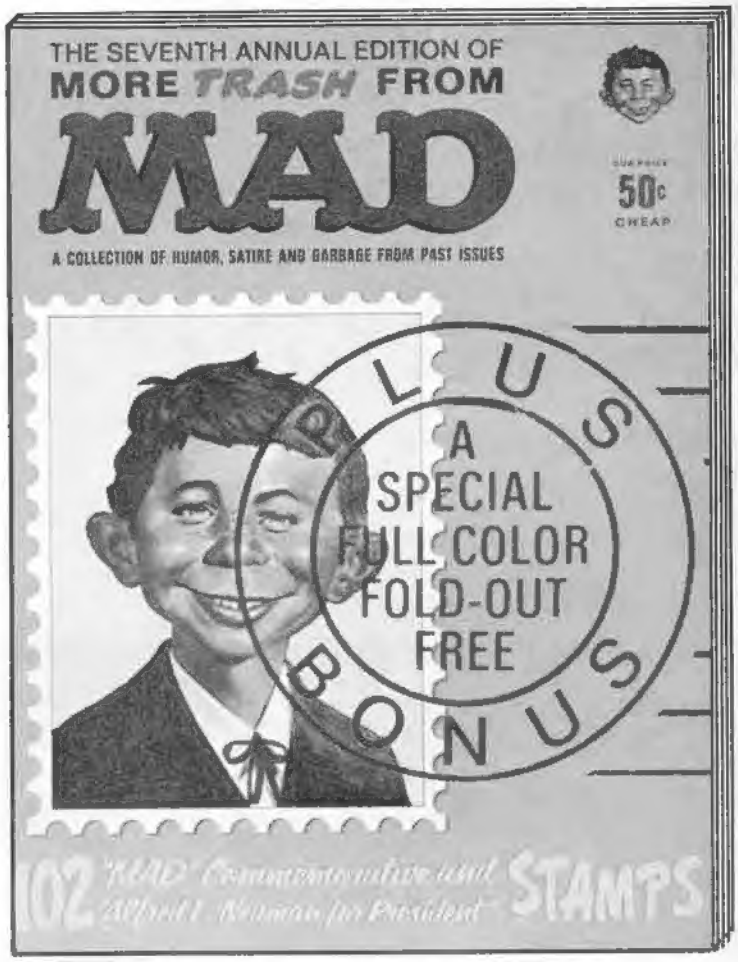


STICK 'EM UP!

Yep — in another of their continuing attempts to separate you from your money, the Highway Robbers at MAD have come up with a new sensational

FREE FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT BONUS

for their latest **MAD Annual**



MAD COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS

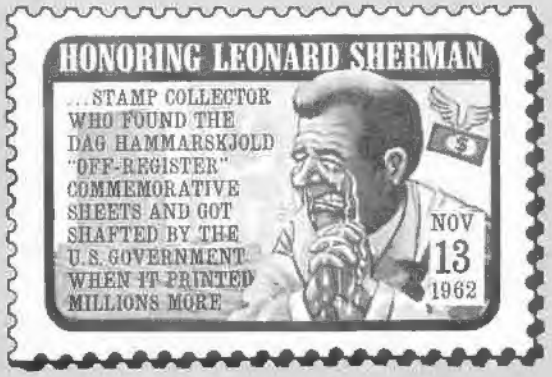
and

ALFRED E. NEUMAN 4 PRESIDENT STAMPS

plus

A MAD STAMP ALBUM PAGE

HERE ARE JUST 3 OF THE 102 FULL-COLOR MAD STAMPS YOU WILL GET...



...ALONG WITH THE USUAL COLLECTION OF GARBAGE FROM PAST ISSUES—IN

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL EDITION OF

MORE TRASH FROM MAD

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE STAND—AND ALSO AT STANDS YOU *DON'T* LIKE!

NUMBER 90 OCTOBER 1964

MAD

"A sense of humor is what makes you laugh at something which would make you sore if it happened to you!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY DE FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
MARTIN J. SCHEIMAN *lawsuits* RICHARD BERNSTEIN *publicity*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Summer Romances 30
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
The Impressionist 37
The Message 48
DRAG-STRIP DEPARTMENT
An Incident At A Red Light 36
EXTRA-SENSELESS RECEPTION DEPARTMENT
Misleading TV Titles 20
FACE-LIFTING DEPARTMENT
Strange Interludes In Everyday Life 12
FROM HAIR TO ABSURDITY
MAD's "Celebrity-Feature" Merchandising Gimmicks 34
GADGET GOES TO DETROIT DEPARTMENT
Auto Accessories We'd Like To See 38
HITCH YOUR BANDWAGON TO A STAR DEPARTMENT
If Celebrities Ran For Political Office 4
HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT
Another "Scenes We'd Like To See" (After The Ball) 29
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 16, 42
LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
Drawn-Out Dramas ..... **
MIS-HAPPY HOLIDAY DEPARTMENT
The MAD Safety Council's Predictions 8
ROCK 'N' BANK ROLL DEPARTMENT
MAD's Teenage Idol Promoter Of The Year 43
TAKE ME TO YOUR LADDER DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At Firemen 26
TALK OF THE TOWN DEPARTMENT
The Sights And Sounds Of The U.S.A. (Las Vegas) 24
THE BERTH OF THE BLUES DEPARTMENT
A Realistic MAD Scrapbook 17
TWO ON THE ISLE DEPARTMENT
Etiquette—A Poem Illustrated By Don Martin 9
**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—October 1964 Vol. 1, Number 90, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 9 issues $2.00 or 24 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A.: 9 issues $2.50 or 24 issues $6.25. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright 1964 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

IF CELEBRITIES RAN FOR OFFICE Pg. 4

STRANGE INTERLUDES IN EVERDAY LIFE Pg. 12

THOSE MISLEADING TV TITLES Pg. 20

A MAD LOOK AT FIREMEN Pg. 26

AUTO ACCESSORIES WE'D LIKE TO SEE Pg. 38

MAD'S TEENAGE IDOL PROMOTER OF THE YEAR Pg. 43

Why Kill Yourself?

JUST BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE LAST ISSUE ON THE NEWSSTAND?

SUBSCRIBE TO

MAD

AND GET 9 ISSUES FOR THE PRICE OF 8, OR 24 ISSUES FOR THE PRICE OF 20— MAILED RIGHT TO YOUR HOME!

---------use coupon or duplicate --------

MAD SUBSCRIPTIONS
850 Third Avenue
New York City, N. Y. 10022

☐ I enclose $2.00.* Please enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 9 issues of MAD

☐ I enclose $5.00.** Please enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 24 issues of MAD!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ Zip Code _____

*Outside U.S.A., $2.50. **Outside U.S.A., $6.25. Please allow 8 weeks for your subscription to be processed. Check or Money Order only—no cash accepted.

WANTED, A clever way to run an ad offering full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD'S "What—Me Worry?" kid, at 3 for 50¢ (1 for 25¢), and telling clods to mail money to MAD, Dept. "What—Color?", 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022—in this tiny little space.

LETTERS DEPT.

nobody

DECLARE YOUR SUPPORT FOR THE

BEST MAN

WITH AN "ALFRED E. NEUMAN FOR PRESIDENT" CAMPAIGN KIT

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET: AND ALL FOR ONLY $1.00!

A SELF-ADHESIVE 4" x 17" DAY-GLO BUMPER STICKER

A 2½" FULL COLOR CAMPAIGN BUTTON

SIX LAPEL TABS

wrote!

PLEASE—choke—address **some** correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 90, 850 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

TWO FULL-COLOR CAMPAIGN POSTERS

13" x 23"

MAD CAMPAIGN KIT
850 Third Avenue,
New York City, N.Y. 10022

I enclose **$1.00.** Please send me my **"Alfred E. Neuman For President"** kit. People all over are talking about the idea of running Alfie for President—mainly what a **stupid** idea it is—and I want to prove that they're right!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

No Orders Outside The U.S.A.

IF YOU MISSED SOME OF OUR PAST ACTS OF IDIOCY, YOU CAN CATCH THEM NOW...IN

Our "Clowning Achievement" in MAD Paperback Books!

(use coupon or duplicate)

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT
850 Third Avenue
New York City, N. Y. 10022

PLEASE SEND ME ☐ **THREE RING MAD**

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME:

- ☐ The MAD Reader
- ☐ MAD Strikes Back
- ☐ Inside MAD
- ☐ Utterly MAD
- ☐ The Brothers MAD
- ☐ The Bedside MAD
- ☐ Son Of MAD
- ☐ The Organization MAD
- ☐ Like MAD
- ☐ The Ides Of MAD
- ☐ Fighting MAD
- ☐ The MAD Frontier
- ☐ The Voodoo MAD
- ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
- ☐ Don Martin Steps Out
- ☐ Don Martin Bounces Back
- ☐ Dave Berg Looks At The USA

I ENCLOSE 50c FOR EACH

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ MAD In Orbit
I ENCLOSE 35c

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIPCODE _____

Check or money order only—**NO CASH** accepted
On orders shipped outside U.S.A. add 10%

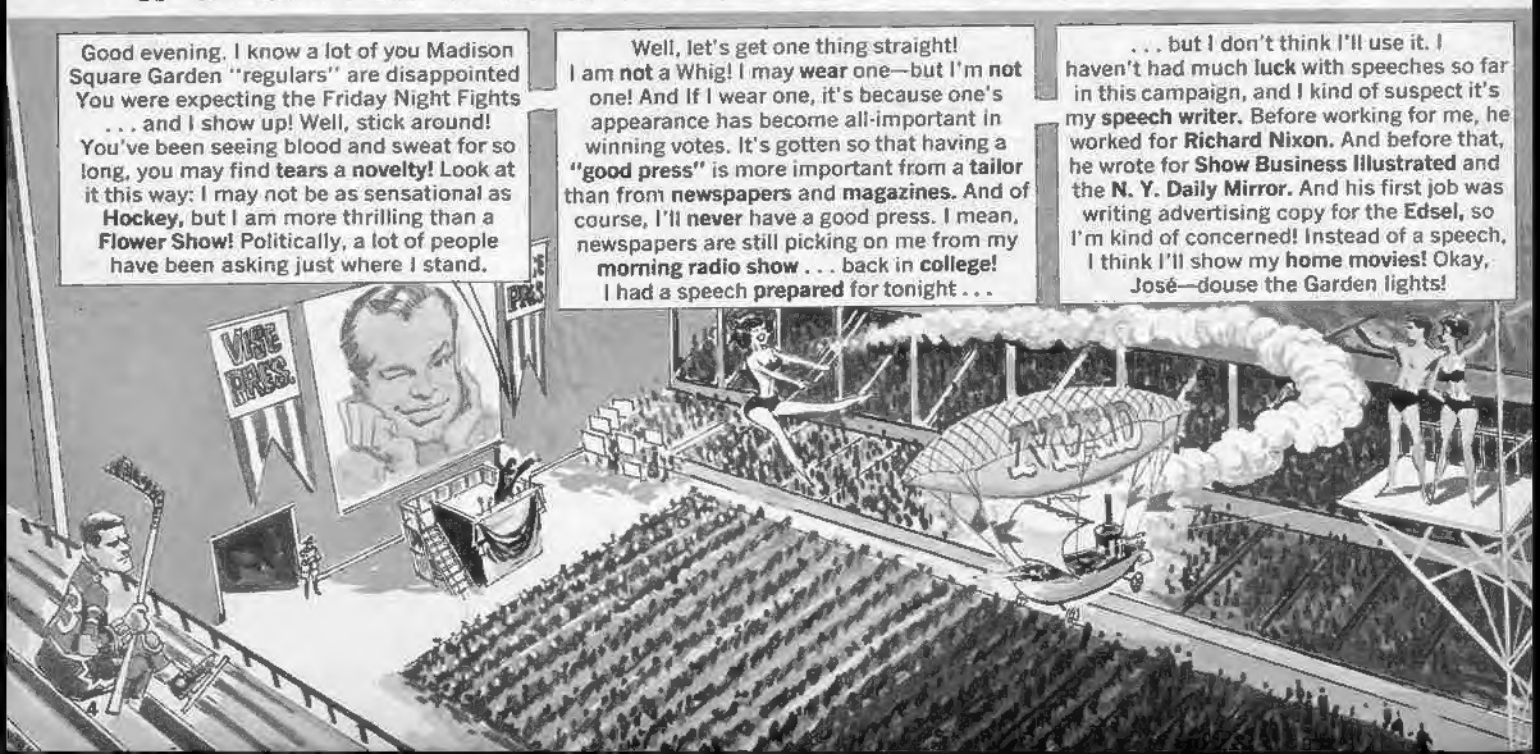
HITCH YOUR BANDWAGON TO A STAR DEPT.

We've noticed that, in recent years, an increasing number of celebrated people have attempted to embark upon political careers: Theodore Bikel, Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal to mention just a few. Recently, astronaut

IF CELEBRITIES RAN

IF STEVE ALLEN RAN FOR SENATOR

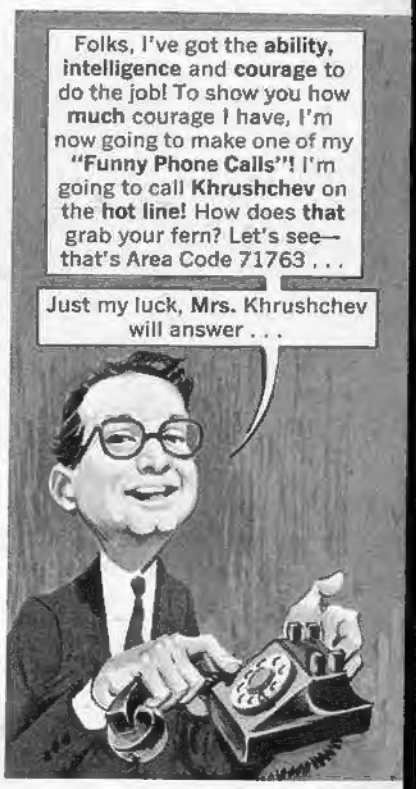
IF JACK PAAR RAN FOR VICE PRESIDENT



John Glenn and Oklahoma football coach Bud Wilkinson have each expressed their intent. So it looks like this trend is mushrooming. Which brings us to this article . . . mainly, what campaign speeches would be like . . .

FOR POLITICAL OFFICE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

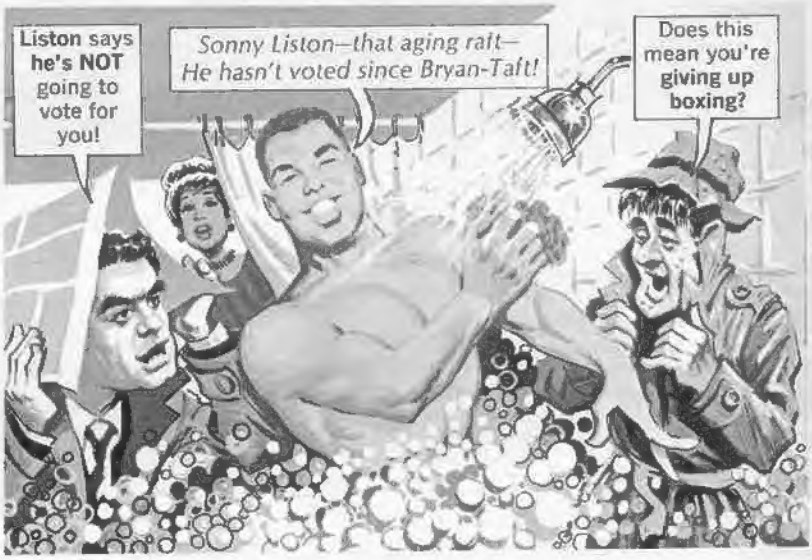


Here I am at the Berlin Wall—the incident a few years back when I got involved with East German troops and our press as usual blew it up out of proportion. If I can cause this much controversy as a **civilian,** you can imagine what I'll be capable of as **Vice President!** Actually, I try not to get **involved** in Foreign Affairs! I'm afraid my **wife** will find out!

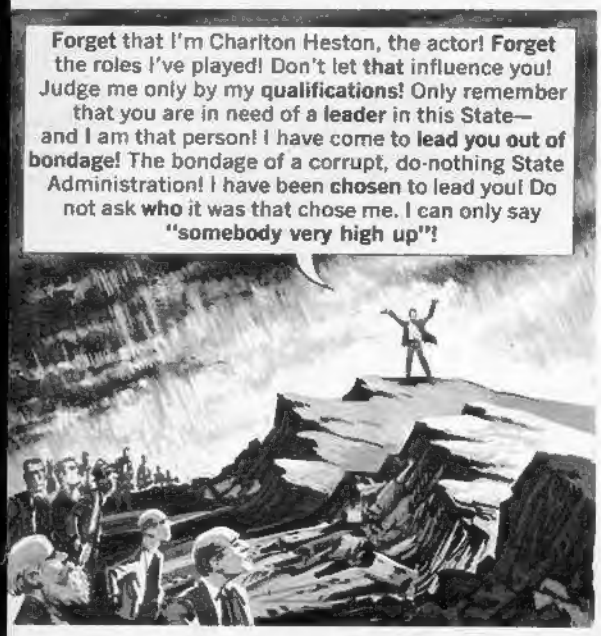
Here I am with the **"Dynamic Duo"—Zsa Zsa Gabor** and **Jayne Mansfield!** I believe that my years in settling Gabor-Mansfield debates has prepared me well for handling emotional female political leaders like **Madame Nhu** or **Grace Kelly** or **Queen Elizabeth** if they should start acting up!

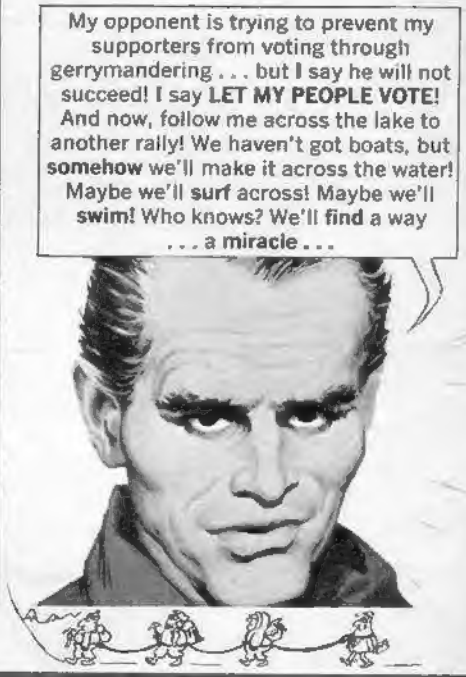
And how about **this** group—straight from the **"Funny Farm"!** Here I am with **Oscar Levant, Jonathan Winters** and **Alexander King. If I** can handle **this** group of nuts with diplomacy, I can handle **anybody.** I mean compared to any **one** of them, **Khrushchev** is like the nice little **boy next door!** Well, I see that nobody's applauding—so I'm getting **off** this bandwagon! I'm **quitting! No—don't** try to stop me! Jose . . . pack up the film . . .

IF CASSIUS CLAY RAN FOR CONGRESSMAN



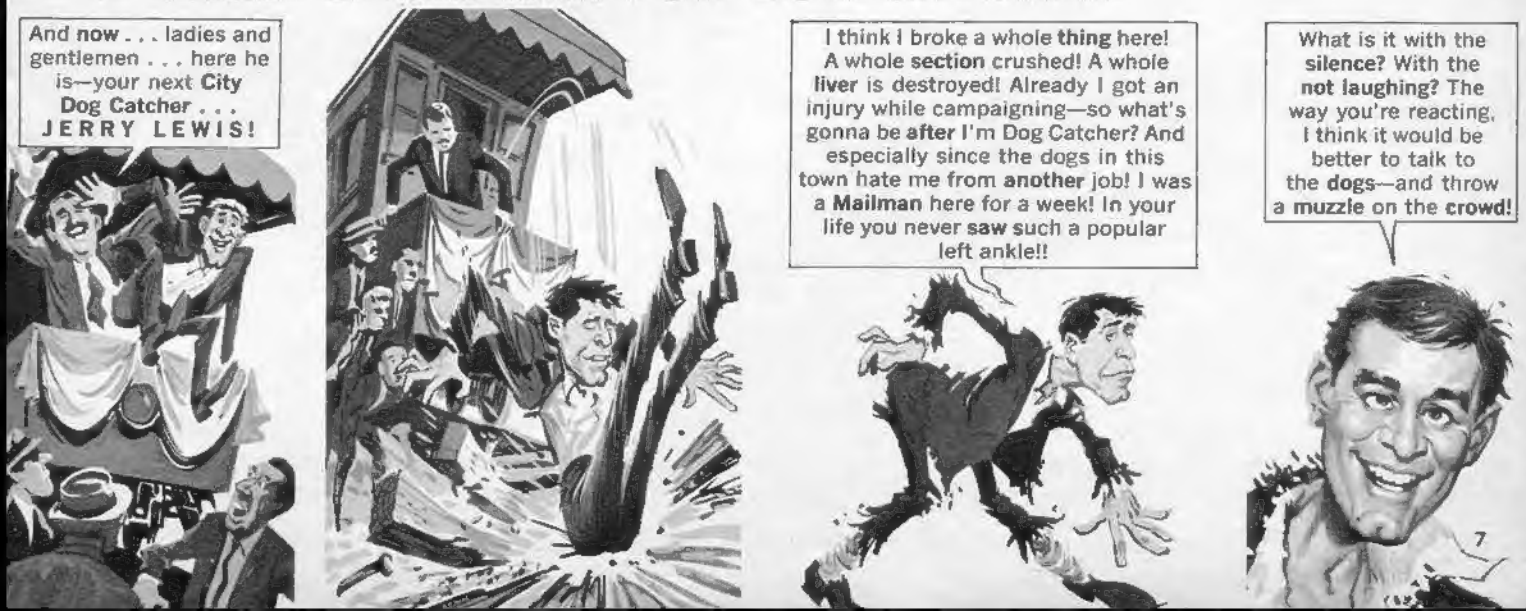
IF CHARLTON HESTON RAN FOR GOVERNOR





IF HUGH HEFNER RAN FOR MAYOR

IF JERRY LEWIS RAN FOR DOG CATCHER



MIS-HAPPY HOLIDAY DEPT.

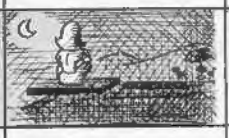
Here we go with our answer to the National Safety Council's predictions of how many people will be involved in what type major catastrophes. Mainly—

THE MAD SAFETY COUNCIL'S PREDICTIONS

For The Upcoming Labor Day Weekend

(How many people will be involved in what-type minor catastrophes)

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES WRITER: STAN HART

PREDICTION	◀ 1,700,000	◀ 1,800,000	◀ 1,900,000	◀ 2,000,000	◀ 2,100,000
Men who will be mistaken for dead but who will actually be watching a N. Y. Mets double-header on TV.					
Girls who will feel miserable and lonely because there are **no fellows** at their resort hotel.					
Girls who will feel miserable and lonely even though there are **plenty fellows** at their resort hotel.					
Kids whose lips will be shredded when they get stuck to frozen Fudgicles.					
Cars that will be stopped by unmarked police cars for reckless driving.					
Unmarked police cars that will be stopped by **other** unmarked police cars for reckless driving.					
Kids who will suffer chlorine blur diving into swimming pools to retrieve their locker keys.					
Parents who will **worry** when they don't see their child getting off the Camp Train.					
Parents who will **cheer** when they don't see their child getting off the Camp Train.					
Women who will suffer heat prostration while wearing mink jackets at fancy hotels when temperature is in the 90's.					
People who will **vow** to get together with their Summer acquaintances over the Winter.					
People who will **actually** get together with their Summer acquaintances over the Winter.					

ETIQUETTE

by Sir William S. Gilbert

adapted and illustrated by Sir Don Martin

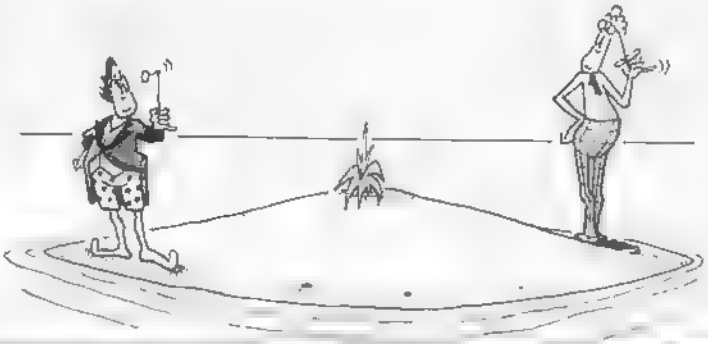
The *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo,
And down in fathoms many went the captain and the crew;
Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of gain allured:
Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners and the crew,
The passengers were also drowned excepting only two;
Young PETER GRAY, who tasted teas for BAKER, CROOP & Co.,
And SOMERS, who from Eastern shores imported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast,
Upon a desert island were eventually cast.
They hunted for their meals, as ALEXANDER SELKIRK* used,
But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

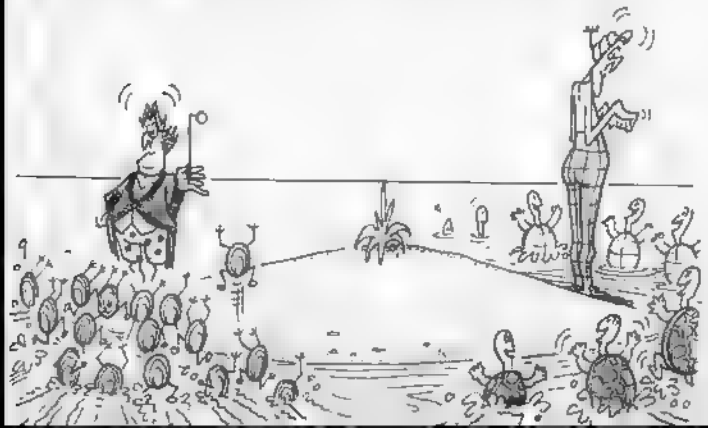
*Inspiration for Robinson Crusoe

For PETER GRAY, and SOMERS too, though certainly in trade,
Were properly particular about the friends they made;
And somehow thus they settled it without a word of mouth—
That GRAY should take the northern half,
while SOMERS took the south.



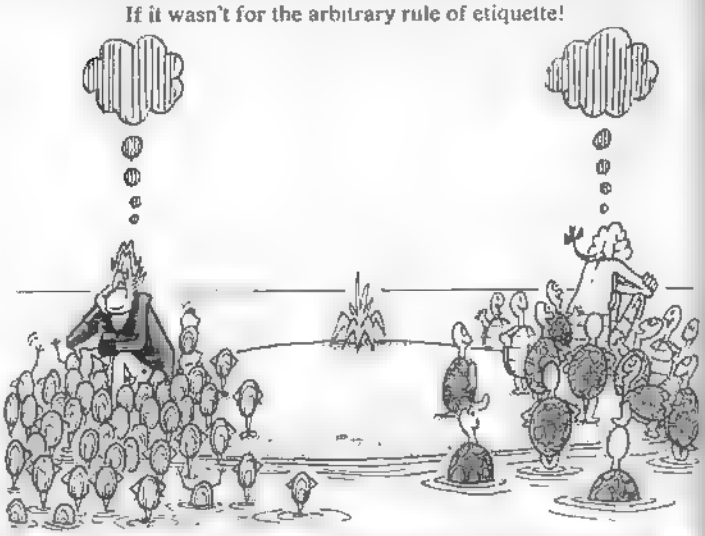
On PETER's portion grew—a delicacy rare,
But oysters were a delicacy PETER couldn't bear.
On SOMERS' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick,
Which SOMERS couldn't eat, because it always made him sick.

GRAY gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a mighty store
Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's shore.
The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved,
For turtle and his mother were the only things he loved.

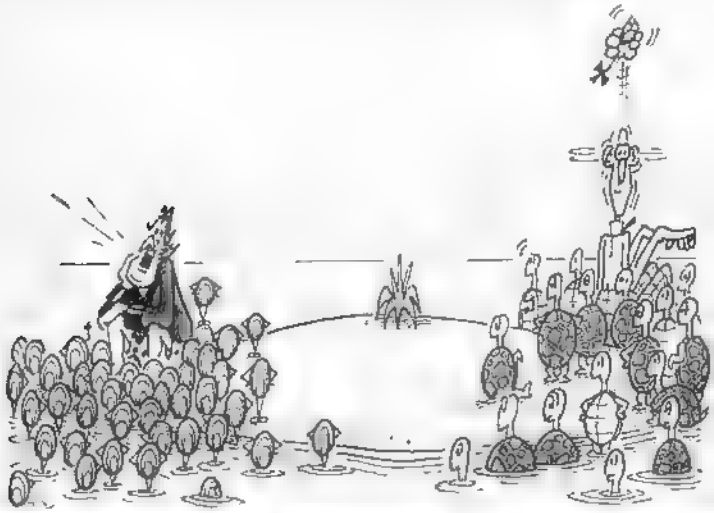


And SOMERS sighed in sorrow as he settled in the South,
For the thought of PETER's oysters brought water to his mouth.
He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff;
He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had had
When on board the *Ballyshannon!* And it drove them nearly mad
To think how very friendly with each other they might get,
If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette!



One day, when out a-hunting for the *mus ridiculis*,
GRAY overheard his fellow-man soliloquizing thus:
"I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on,
M'CONNELL, S. B. WALTERS, PADDY BYLES, and ROBINSON?"



These simple words made PETER as delighted as could be,
Old chummies at the Charterhouse were ROBINSON and he!
He walked straight up to SOMERS, then he turned extremely red,
Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit,
then cleared his throat, and said:

"I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold,
But you have breathed a name I know familiarly of old.
You spoke aloud of ROBINSON—I happened to be by.
You know him?" "Yes, extremely well." "Allow me, so do I."

It was enough! They felt they could more pleasantly get on.
For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each know ROBINSON!
And Mr. SOMERS' turtle was at PETER's service quite,
And Mr. SOMERS punished PETER's oyster-beds all night.

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore,
And day by day they learned to love each other more and more.
At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day,
They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

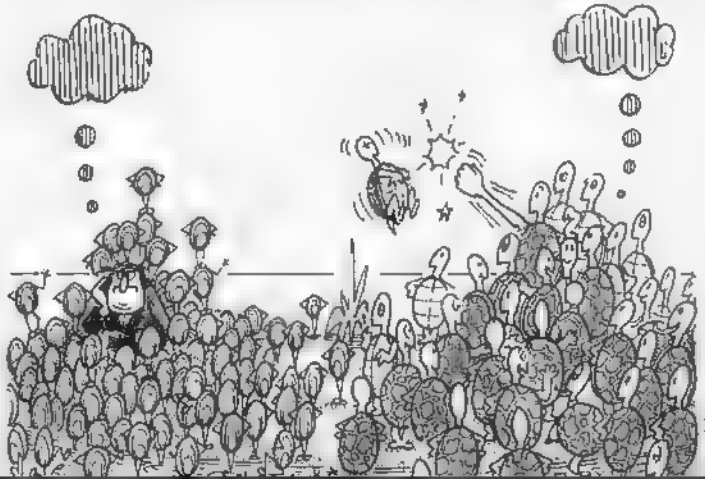
But all their joys were scattered in a moment when they found
The vessel was a convict ship from Portland, outward bound;
When a boat came off to fetch them,
though they felt it very kind,
To go on board they firmly but respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the joke,
They recognized a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke:
'Twas ROBINSON--a convict, in an unbecoming frock!
Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock!!!

They laughed no more, for SOMERS thought
he had been rather rash
In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash;
And PETER thought a foolish tack he must have gone upon
In making the acquaintance of a friend of ROBINSON.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly I've heard;
They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word;
The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head,
And when they meet each other now, they cut each other dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth,
And PETER takes the north again, and SOMERS takes the south,
And PETER has the oysters, which he hates, in layers thick,
And SOMERS has the turtle—turtle always makes him sick.



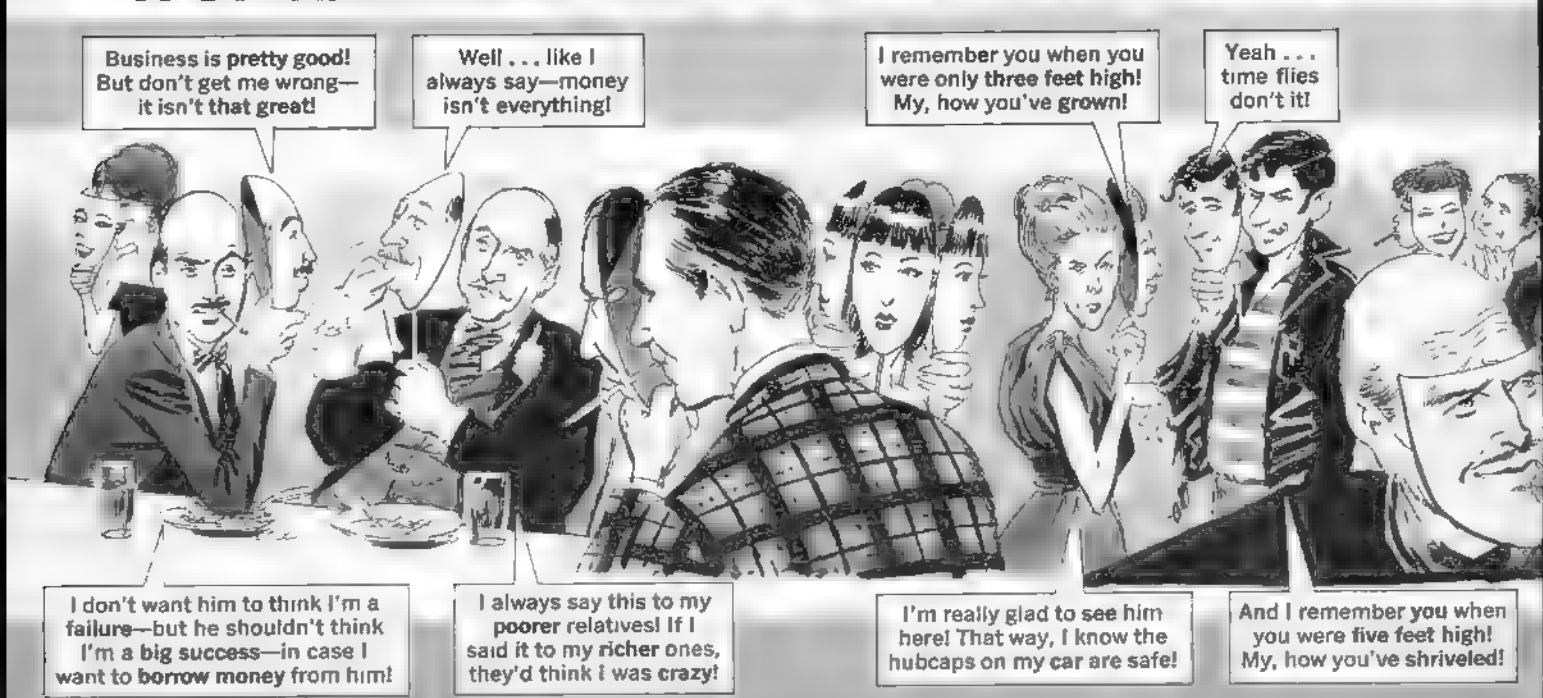
FACE-LIFTING DEPT.

A few issues back, we ran a "Strange Interlude With Hazey" to show that there's a big difference between the way people talk and the way they actually feel! You'll remember (unless you were a fink and didn't buy that issue!) that Hazey and the people she worked for had masks or personnas which they presented to the outside

STRANGE INTERLUDE

A STRANGE INTERLUDE WITH A BABYSITTER

A STRANGE INTERLUDE AT A FAMILY REUNION



world, while their real thoughts were spoken only to us. Well, in retrospect, we know darn few people who have maids like Hazey, so we'd like to show you how this "Strange Interlude" gimmick would work in situations that are closer to real life (in addition to the fact that new ideas are hard to come by!) Here, then, is . . .

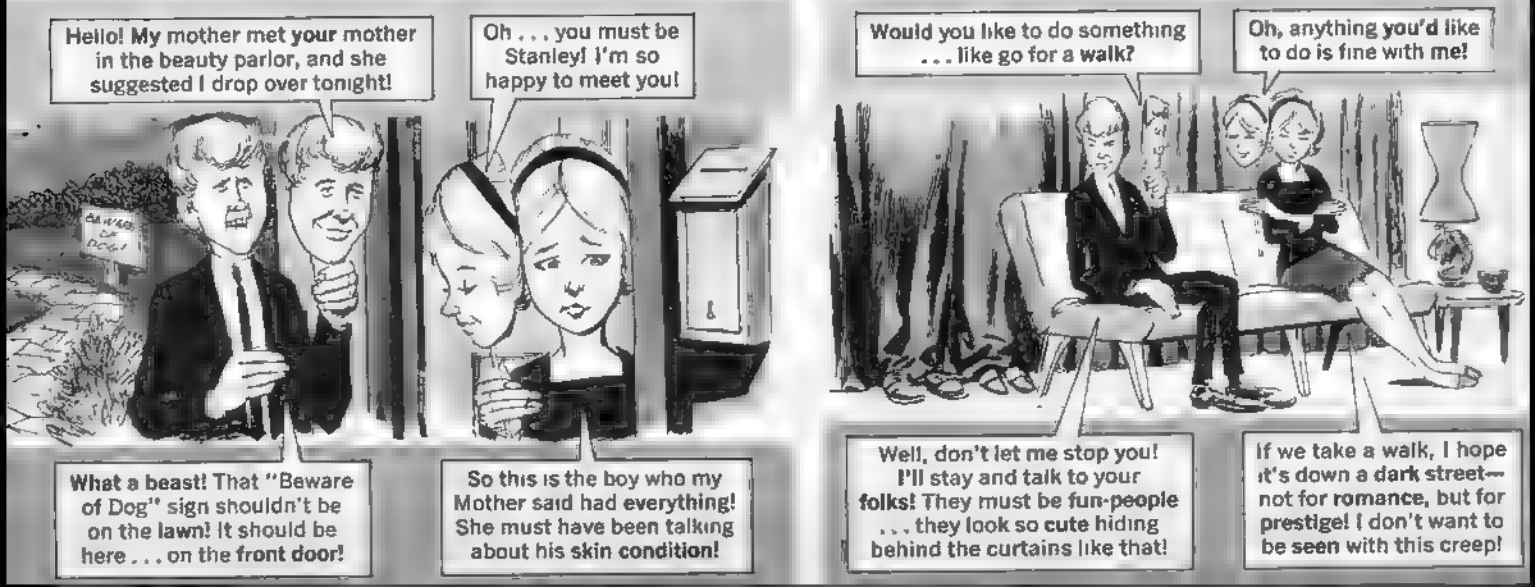
S IN EVERYDAY LIFE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

A STRANGE INTERLUDE WITH A DENTIST

A STRANGE INTERLUDE WITH A GRADE ADVISOR

A STRANGE INTERLUDE WITH A BLIND DATE



Now this won't hurt a bit! Just open up a little wider, please!

Guggh! Glukk!

I always tell them to open wider! That way their jaws ache so much, they don't feel the agonizing pain when my drill slips and hits a nerve!

It won't hurt?! This guy kills me when he just cleans my teeth!

Hmm! That upper left bicuspid worries me . . . but I think I might be able to save it!

Gee, I sure hope you can fix it!

Especially since there's nothing wrong with it—YET!

Watch! He'll put in a temporary filling so I'll have to keep coming back for weeks! Those fillings are scientifically designed to fall out as soon as I leave his office!

I don't want to go to just ANY college. I'm looking for one with a program I'll like!

Well, you'll have to really get to work to push those grades up!

In other words, is there a good college that specializes in "Shop"?

At the rate he's going, he'll need special tutoring to qualify as a Drop-Out!

. . . and if you ever have any more problems, you'll find my door open!

Thanks—you've given me something to think about!

EXIT

That's because I've left the office! I can't waste valuable time on goofy kids who need help and advice all the time!

Mainly, how come a college education is required to get an idiotic job like yours?

I'm not hungry, but if you'd like something to eat, we can go in here!

Oh, I'm not hungry either!

MALT SHOP

I hope not! If I spend money on her, she'll expect me to kiss her goodnight . . . and I couldn't do that on a full stomach!

Not much! Before he came, I had butterflies in my stomach—which is more than I have there now!

I had a swell time! I'll call you soon!

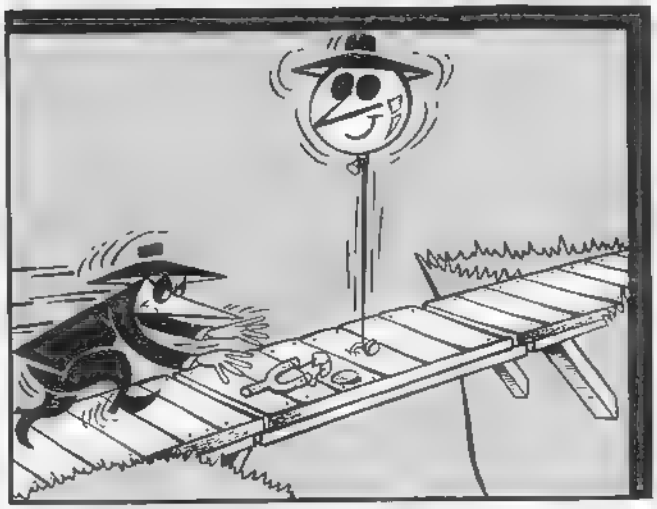
I had fun, too, Stanley! I hope I can see you again!

MAD

BEWARE OF DOG!

Come to think of it, this was the best date I've had in months! It's great to meet someone who's really your type!

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I



Most people keep scrapbooks with mementoes of wonderful bygone years that were full of joy and happiness. But who said the past is always full of sweetness and light? Answer this—How are you feeling right now? Rotten, hah? Sure you do! That's why we'd like to see more honest collections of souvenirs from the past—including those that cover the miserable experiences, too! Something like this example we dug up recently:

Louise Cramm's REALISTIC MAD SCRAPBOOK

"I found this cap! It makes me sick."

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

THE SIXTH GRADE CLASS
of
P.S. 193
presents
A MUSICAL SALUTE TO
ARBOR DAY
starring:
ERNIE FUMPFER as THE TREE
LOUISE CRAMM as THE TEAPOT
FINSTER HAGEN as THE CUP
DORIS MUGGERA as THE WET BAG

ACT 1
In A Garden

Solo ..... Louise Cramm
Duet ..... Doris Muggera & Finster Hagen
Trio ..... Ernie Fumpfer, Finster Hagen &

My first public performance and the worst day of my life. I sang "I'm a Little Tea Pot Short and Stout" – and I was short and stout!

I won this award over 75 other contestants. For years, I was famous for winning it – and so ashamed of it! It was for a "Freckle Contest" my folks had entered me in!

A drawing I recently found while cleaning out my closet. When I checked the date in the back, I was surprised to see how old I was when I did it! Mainly because I was sixteen!

FUDGIPOP LUCKY STICK

The only thing I ever really won — a free ice cream pop. Because I ate that second pop I'd won, my face broke out and I was too embarrassed to go to the Spring Dance!

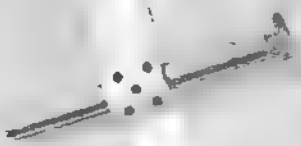
My first date with Bob! Also my last date with Bob after my folks saw this napkin!

This card came with a dozen roses. I was in heaven until I recognized my Father's handwriting

Me and Gregg at the High School Prom. I had a wonderful time — at least I was having a wonderful time until Gregg said to me in front of everyone — "Hey, this is fun, Cousin Louise!"

Oh, how I'd looked forward to this night! It would have been great — if I hadn't come down with Chicken Pox an hour before curtain time!

Here are Arty, Marty and Irving at the beach, tossing me 15 feet into the air!



Here is the pin the doctors put in my fractured arm after I fell 15 feet at the beach and landed on cement!

RAFFLE! RAFFLE!

Sponsored by

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUE

TO CLEAN UP THEM OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUES

for

A Luxurious, Expensive
MINK JACKET

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 25c
—5 FOR $1.00

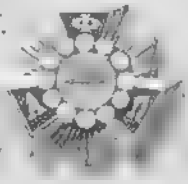
Drawing to be held June 25th, 1964

WINNER MUST BE PRESENT AT DRAWING IN ORDER TO CLAIM PRIZE

No. K 8950

This is the winning raffle ticket! I found it in an old pocketbook two weeks after the drawing!

The fraternity pin that Don pinned on me New Year's Eve. Unfortunately, it was rusty and stuck me. I came out of the hospital in time for Don and Judy's engagement party!



The picnic when I really expected Ralph to pop the question – until I lost my stupid head and beat him in the Tug-O-War!

EXTRA-SENSELESS RECEPTION DEPT.

Have you noticed that most TV shows have very peculiar titles? Take f'rinstance "The Eleventh Hour". From the title, you might expect to see "The News". After all, that's

MISLEADING

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

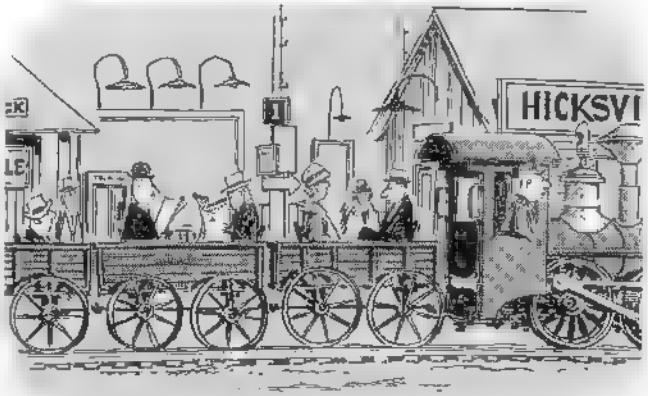
IF YOU SAW THIS TV SHOW TITLE FOR THE FIRST TIME

...THIS IS WHAT YOU'D EXPECT IT TO BE ABOUT–

Mainly because this title sounds like it's a show about kids asking questions they *really* want answers to—but TV hasn't grown up enough for that quite yet. So they ask questions everyone *expects* nice young kids to ask.

FROM THIS TV SHOW TITLE...

...YOU MIGHT EXPECT THIS—

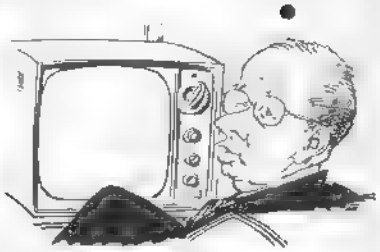


A title like this brings to mind a show about commuters who endure the ultimate in delapidation on their daily trips to the city from their suburban havens instead of a pedestrian Western travelling a well-beaten plot path.

EAST SIDE/WEST SIDE

the only thing that's on at Eleven P.M. Turns out it's a show about Psychiatrists and it goes on at Ten P.M. If you think that's bad, here are some other shows with . . .

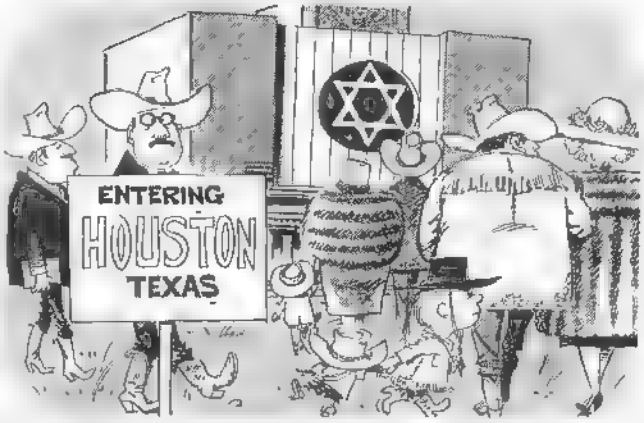
TV TITLES ?



WRITER: AL JAFFEE

AND IF YOU SAW THIS TV TITLE FOR THE FIRST TIME

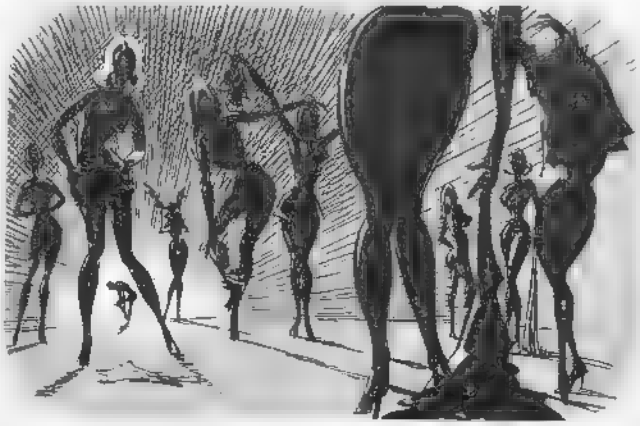
...THIS IS WHAT YOU'D EXPECT IT TO BE ABOUT–



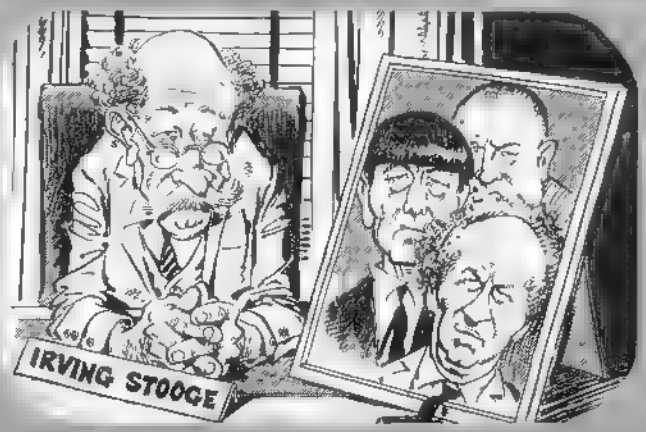
Mainly because thoughts of an unusual Western religious program are conjured up by the title of this show—but turns out to be just another one of those "Oatburners" that hasn't got a prayer of entertaining anyone over 10.

AND FROM THIS TV TITLE...

...YOU MIGHT EXPECT THIS—



That's right! It sounds like a show about 77 nuts who disrobe at sundown. Actually, it's a brilliant detective series that gave us such wonderfully dramatic moments as Kookie Byrnes combing his hair. Now you get the idea!



I've Got A Secret

The Farmer's Daughter

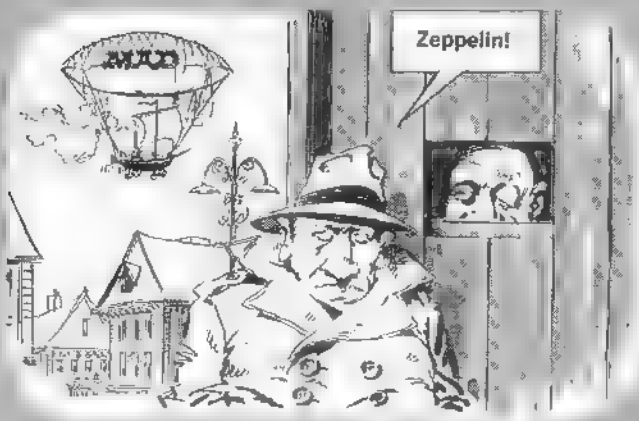
Bachelor Father

NAKED CITY

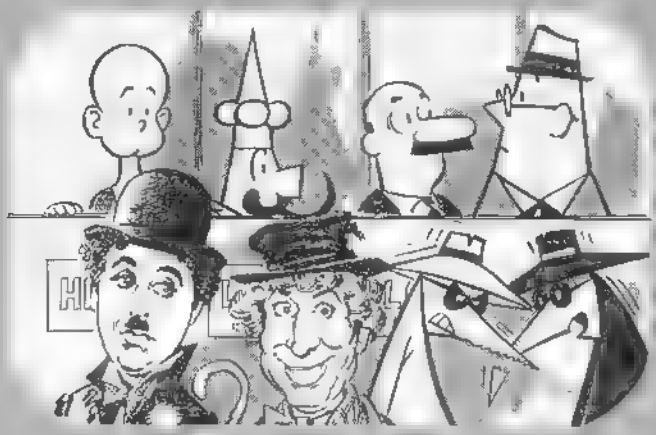
YOU ASKED FOR IT

DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND, WE ARE ELIMINATING ALL COMMERCIALS ON THIS TV SHOW PERMANENTLY

PASSWORD



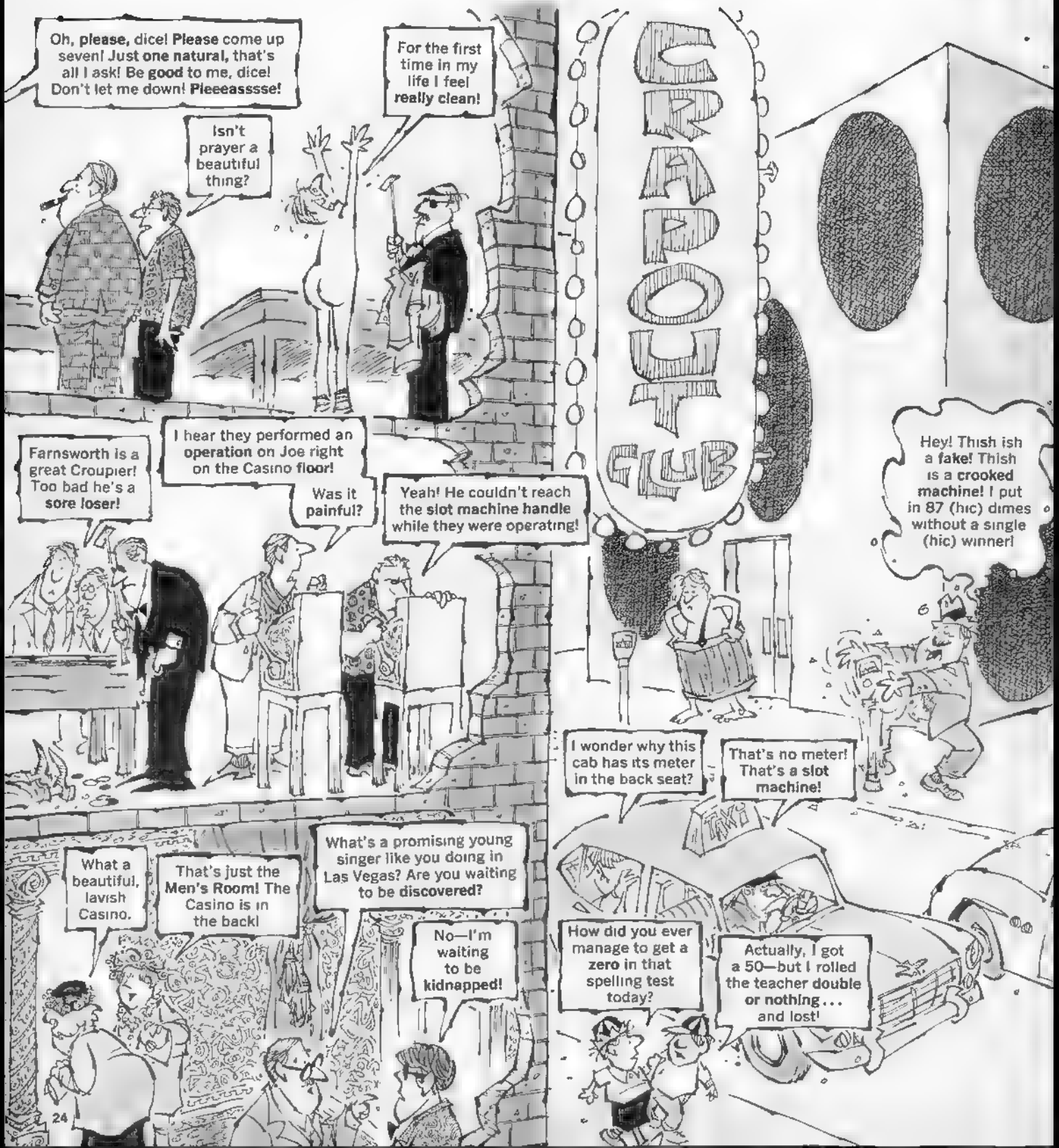
Pantomime Quiz



TALK OF THE TOWN DEPT.

In this, its third installment, "The MAD Information Service" continues to inform Americans about America — by presenting

THE SIGHTS OF THE

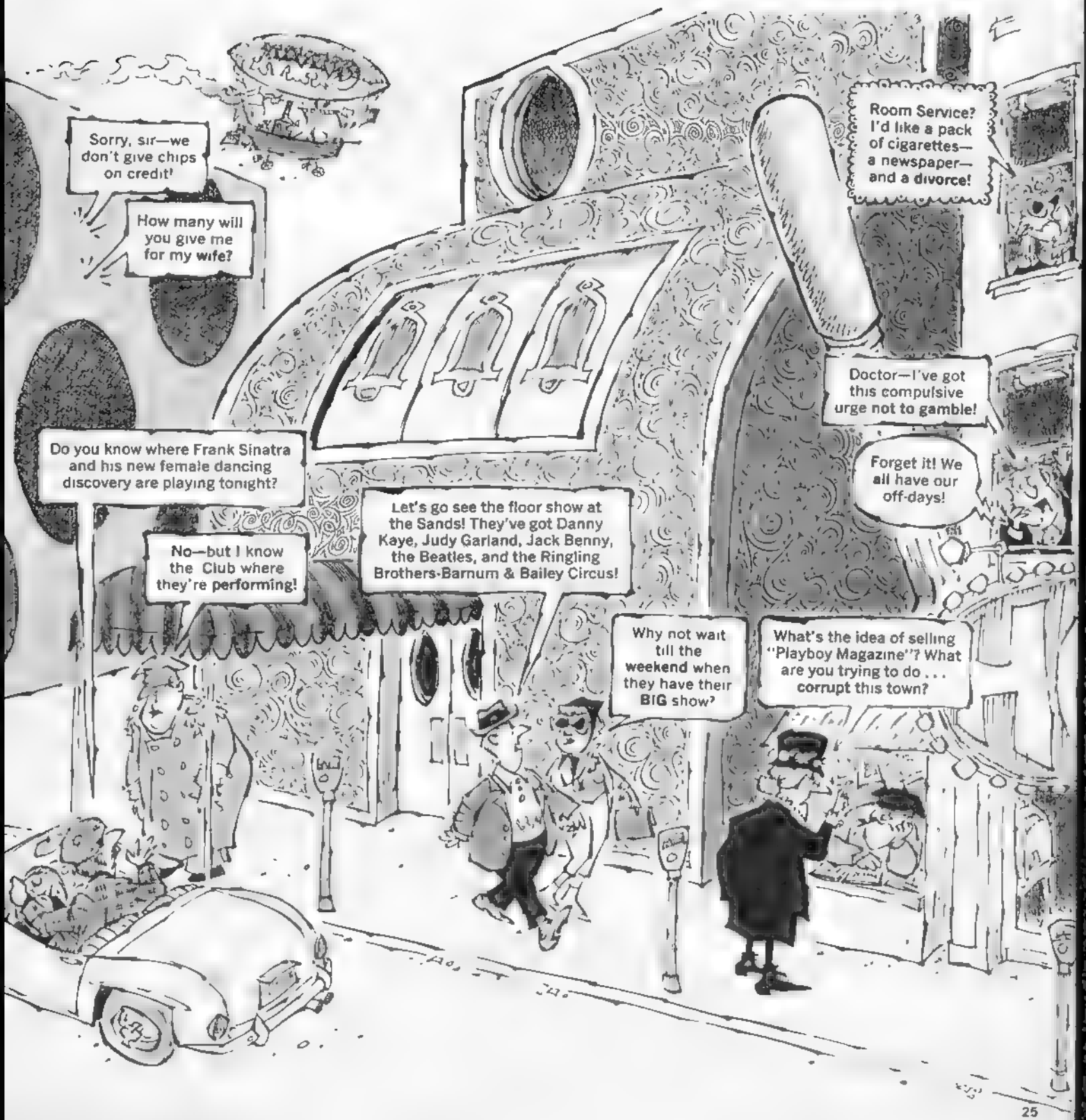


and sounds u.s.a.

THIS ISSUE—SPOTLIGHTING
LAS VEGAS Nevada

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.

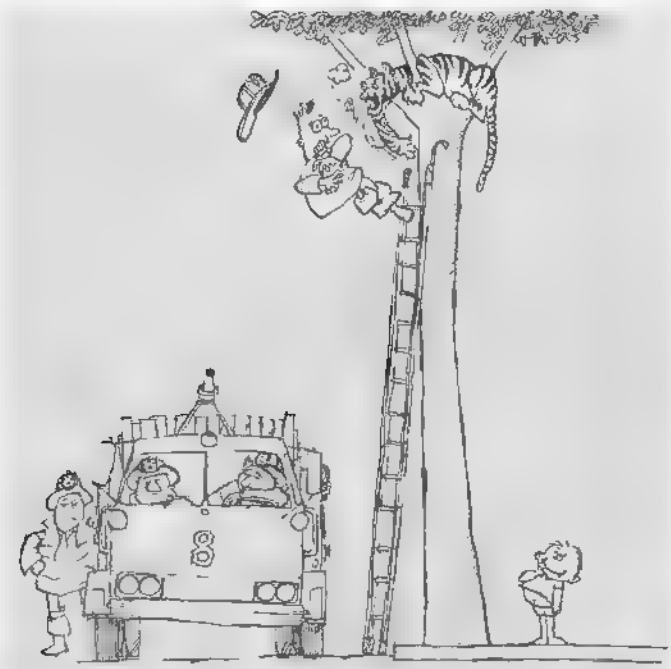
WRITERS: LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS

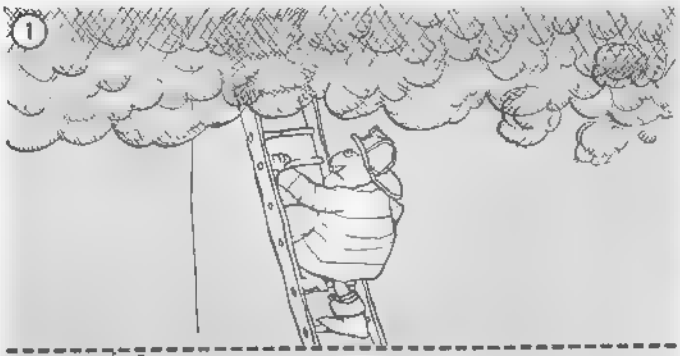


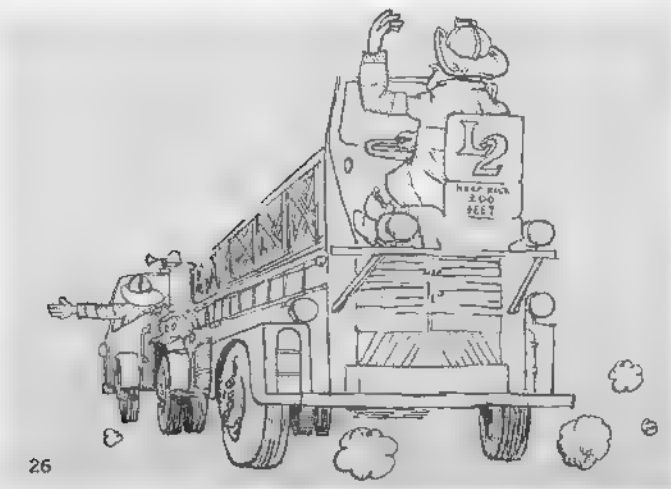
TAKE ME TO YOUR LADDER DEPT.

A MAD LOOK

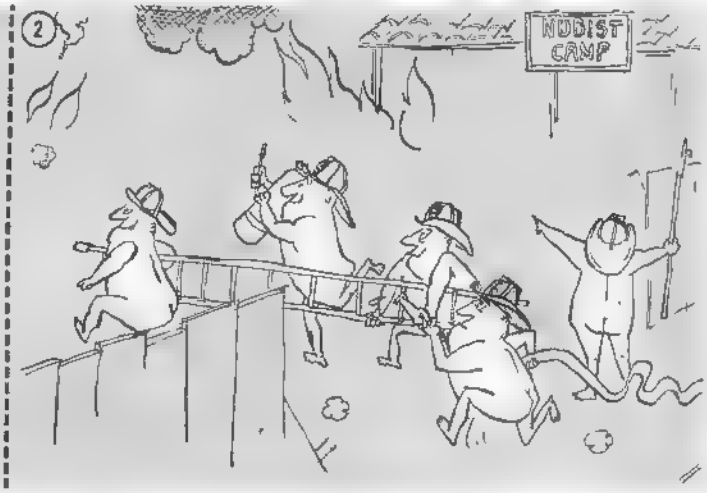
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

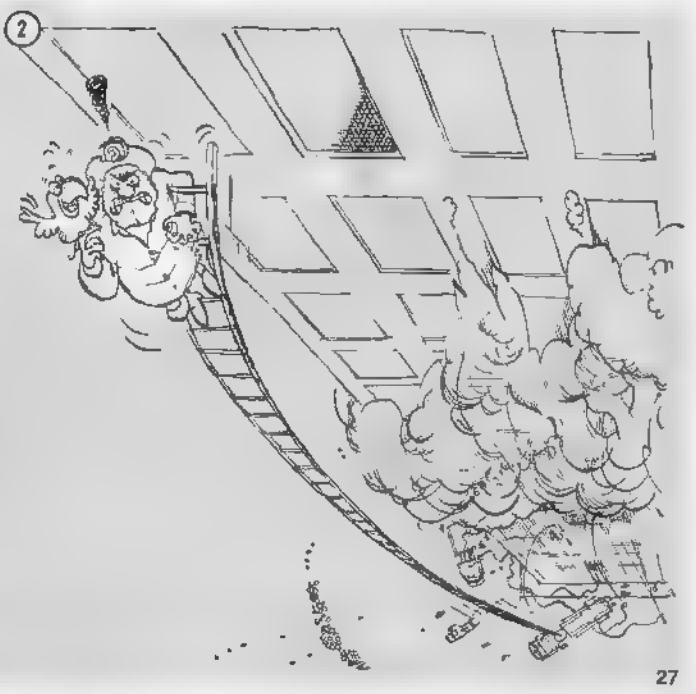


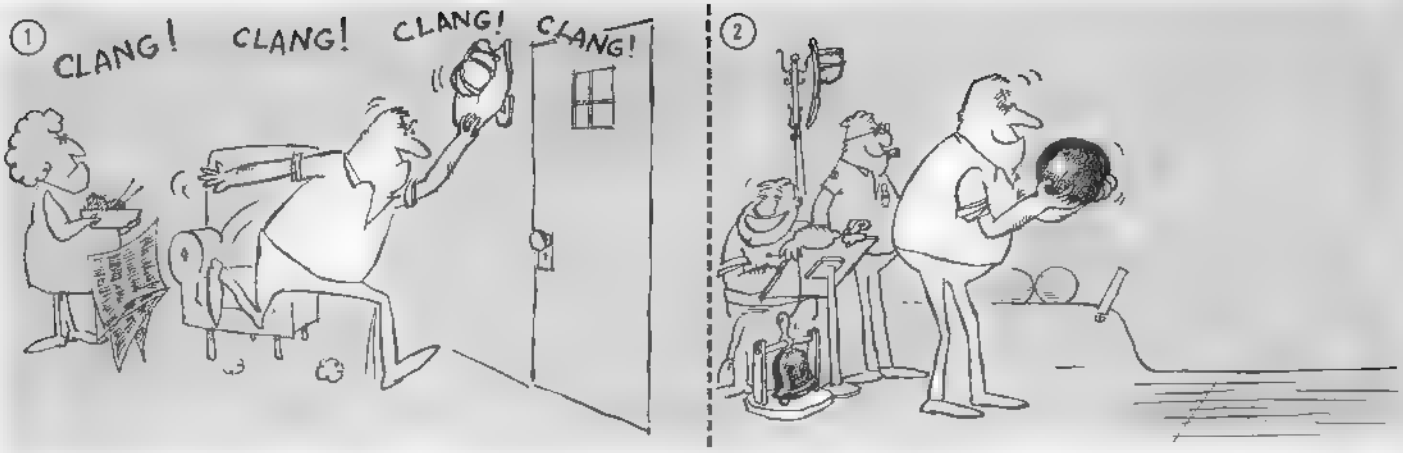


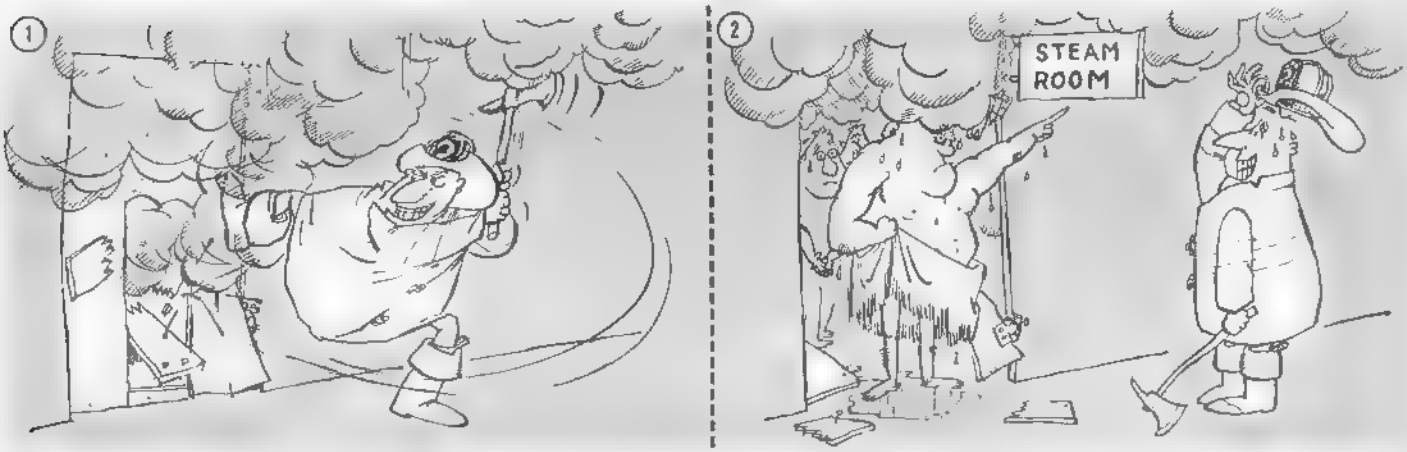


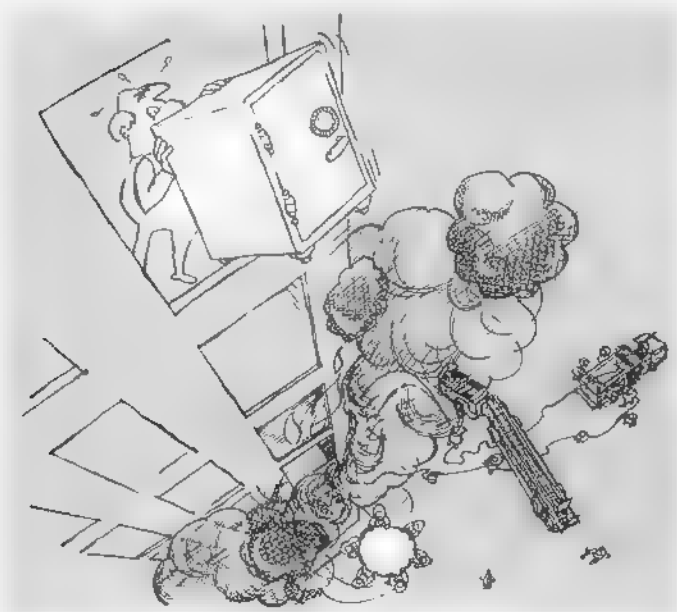
AT FIREMEN






1
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
2


1
2
STEAM ROOM



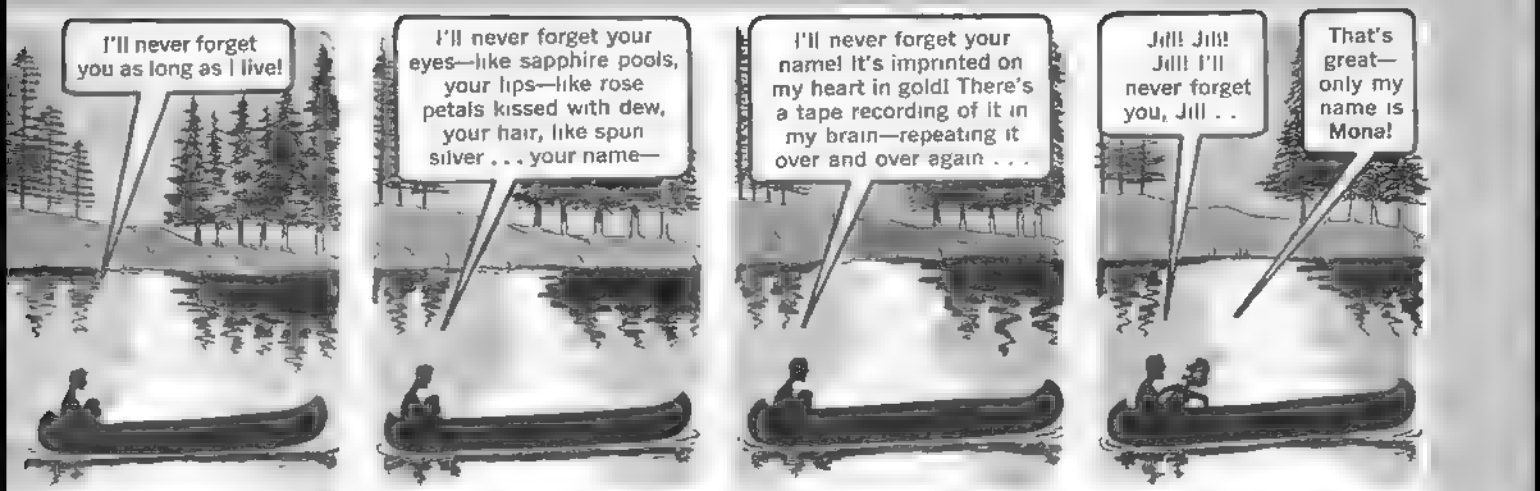
Scenes We'd Like to See

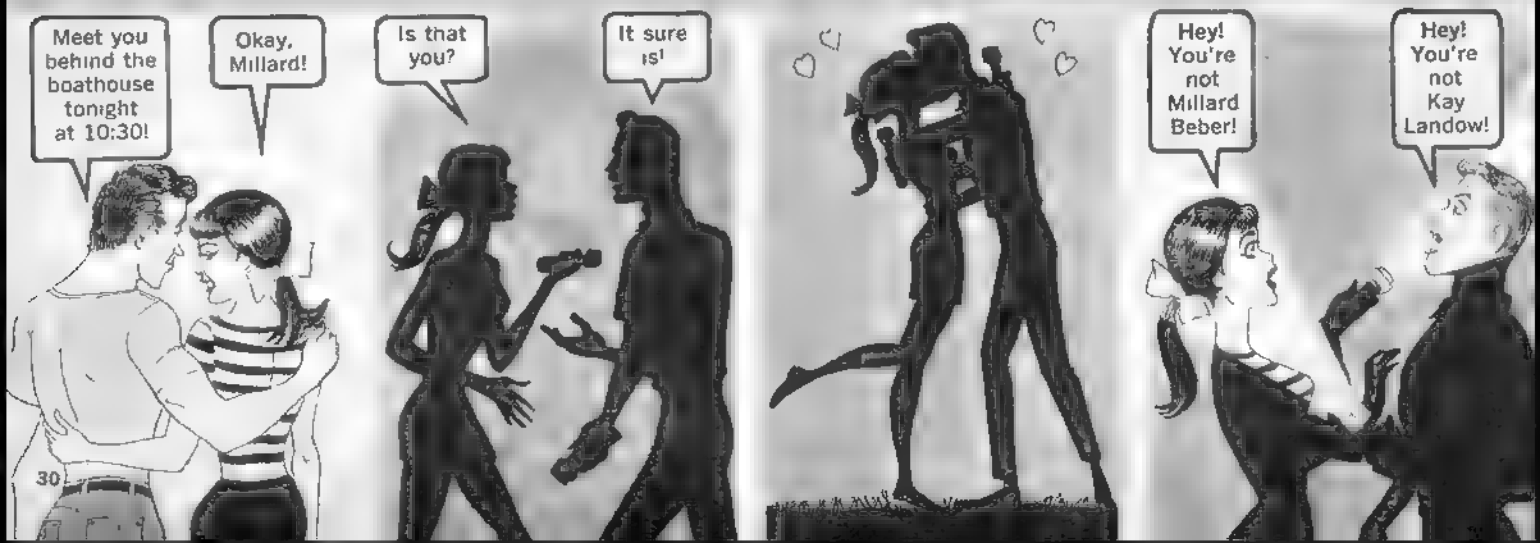
After The Ball

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

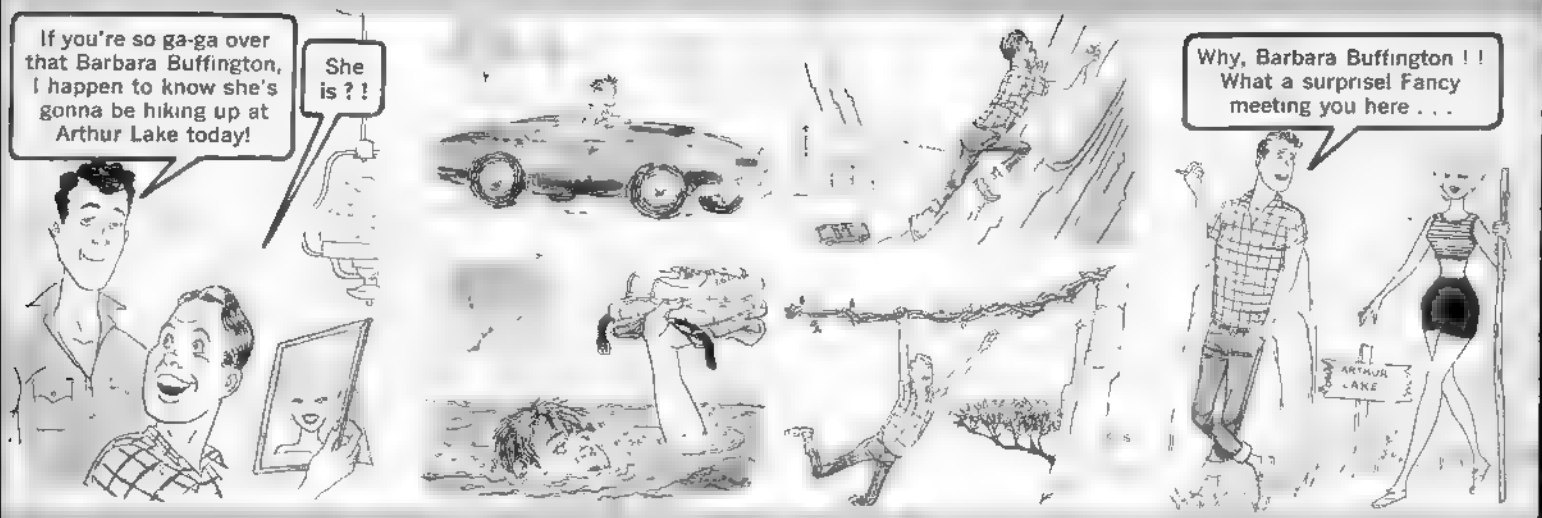
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SUMMER





ROMANCES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG



(sob) I'm so (sob) miserable!

What's the matter, Honey?

It's my boy-friend, Dick Hetherington! He's tall, he's handsome, he's intelligent, he's kind, he's generous, he's polite, and he loves me as much as I love him!

Then what's the problem?

The problem is: I haven't got a single good reason to break off with him . . .

. . . and according to the unwritten rules, it's time for the Mid-Summer Switch ! !

I love you!

And I love you!

Never has there been such a love! This is a love made in Heaven . . . with a chorus of angels singing, and a thousand harps strumming . . . celebrating this beautiful union!

My love for you is as deep as the sea! The more I give, the more I have! We are soul-mates! Our love is a many-splendored thing!

What a shame the Summer will be over soon, and I'll be going back home to my Winter Boyfriend, Paul!

And I'll be going back to my Winter Girlfriend, Joan!

But—in the meantime—THIS IS THE REAL THING!

YEAH ! !

Who's taking you to the lake today, Myrna?

Some creep named Tom Savage . . .

Tom Savage a CREEP? ! ! ! Are you nuts or something? He's gorgeous!

He's a dreamboat!

What a hunk of man!

Oh, Myrna—there's a Tom Savage here for you! I don't know this boy—what's he like?

Mom—he's the most gorgeous, dreamboat, hunk of man . . .

Boy—did I have a Summer! ! GIRLS! GIRLS! ! GIRLS! ! ! I had to beat them off with a stick! Take a gander at these photos . . .

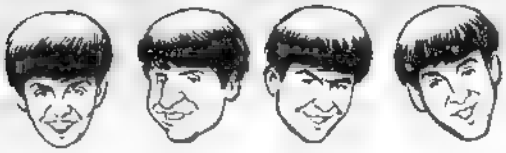
WOW ! !

. . . and those are only the REJECTS ! !

If these are the rejects, lemme see the WINNERS ! !

Aw, c'mon Judy . . .
No, Tom! I never kiss a boy on the first date ! !
Hi, Sis! Say—I had such a great time on my date tonight that I'm feeling generous! So you can have my collection of Frank Sinatra records that you always wanted ! !
Oh—Tom! You darling! I could kiss you ! !
SMACK
Hey! Get a load of Tom! What a make-out artist ! !
Yeah! Looks like he got Judy to kiss him on the first date ! !
Mommy! Mommy! Isn't it wonderful ! ?
Isn't what wonderful?
WALLY FURMAN LOVES ME ! !
How do you know?
HE JUST THREW A ROCK AT ME ! !
LISTEN EVERYBODY! I JUST SAW THEM! THE BOYS ARE COMING TO RAID THE GIRLS' CAMP ! !
LOCK ALL THE WINDOWS! GET SOME BATS AND TENNIS RACKETS FOR WEAPONS! I'LL PROP THIS CHAIR UP AGAINST THE DOOR, AND—
HEY! AREN'T YOU GONNA HELP GET READY FOR 'EM ? ?
We ARE getting ready for 'em ! !
Naw . . . you're too young!
Ah—c'mon . . .
HOTEL HART BURN
Hey! These are a bunch of DOGS! If you ask me, I'd rather have the REJECTS ! !
So would I! Mainly because they're the ones who rejected ME ! !
David Berg

FROM HAIR TO ABSURDITY DEPT.



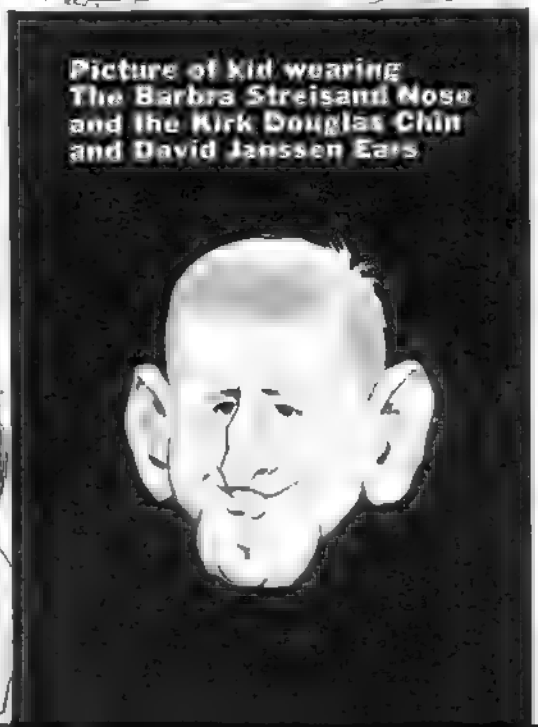
The fantastic success of the "Beatle-Wig" fad started us thinking—no small feat in itself—and led us to conclude: Here is a whole new area of jerky promotion gimmicks that has not yet been tapped by jerky promoters. If Beatle fans will buy dopey-looking Beatle

MAD "CELEBRITY-FEATURE"

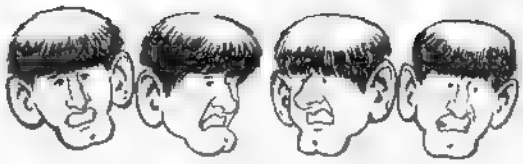
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

THE BARBRA STREISAND NOSE

DAVID JANSSEN EARS



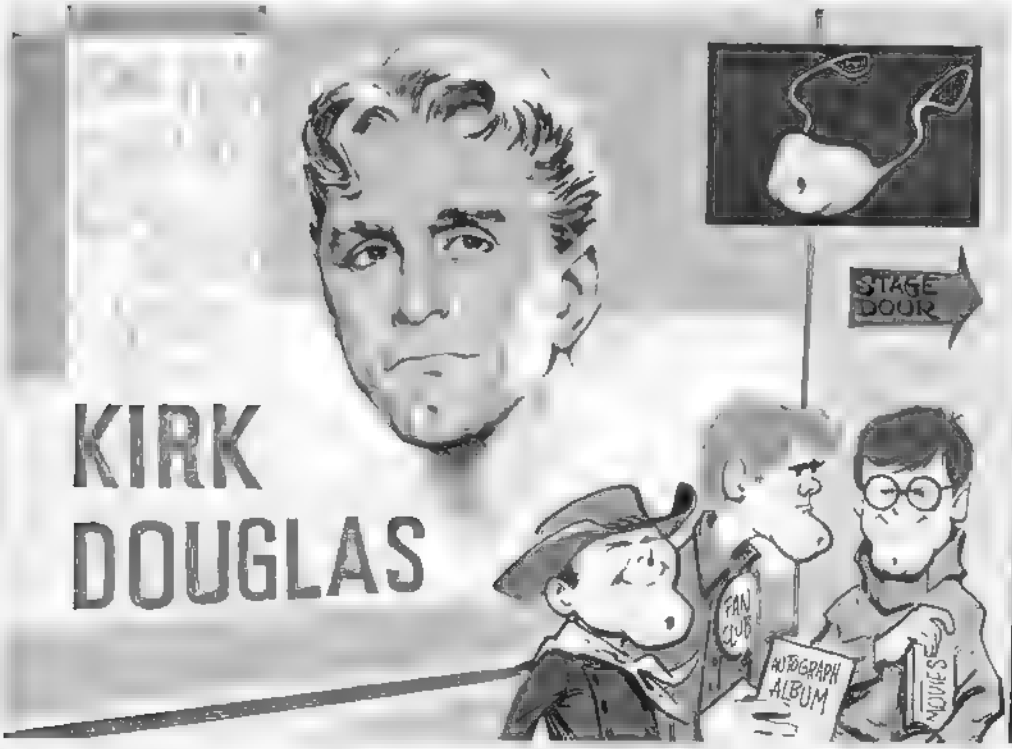
Wigs in order to look like their idols, why wouldn't, say, Sam Jaffee fans buy dopey-looking Dr. Zorba Wigs in order to look like him? In fact, why stop at the hairline? How about false noses and ears and teeth and chins? In other words, how about selling these . . .

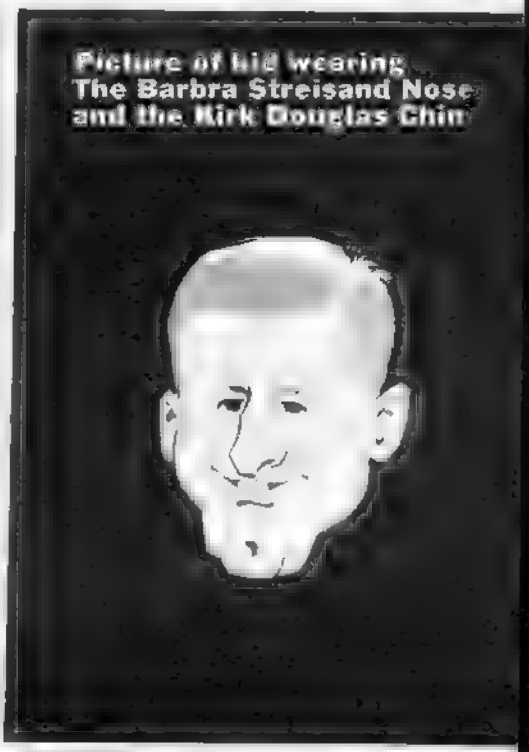


MERCHANDISING GIMMICKS

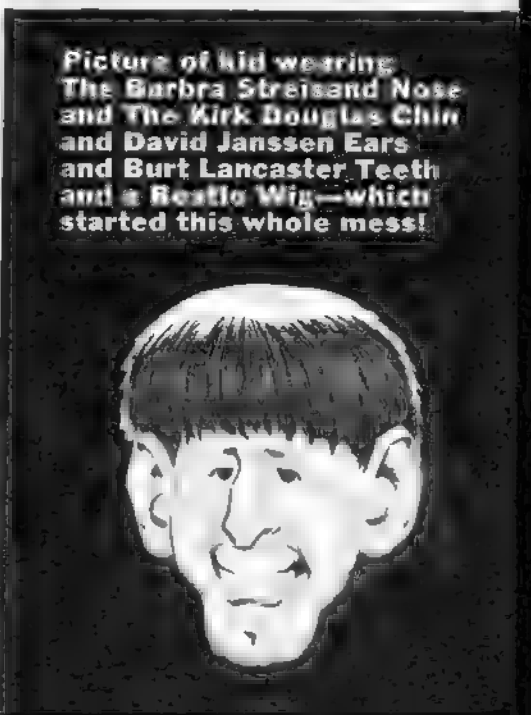
WRITER: PHIL HAHN

THE KIRK DOUGLAS CHIN

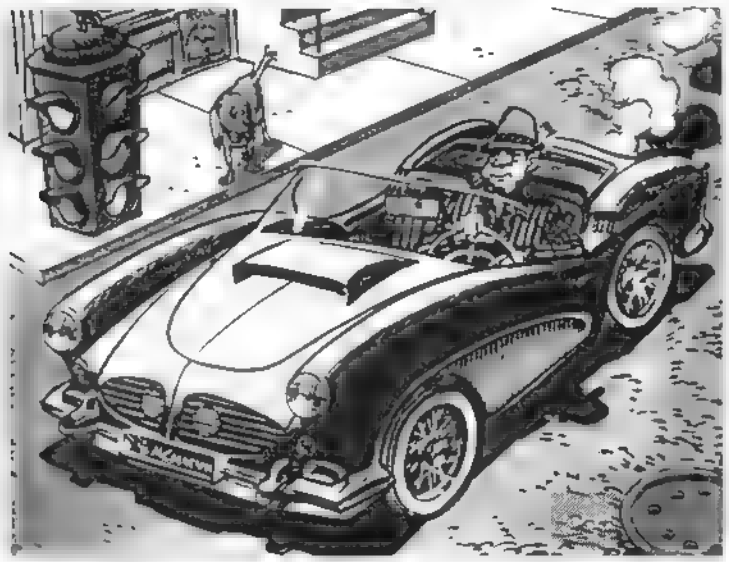




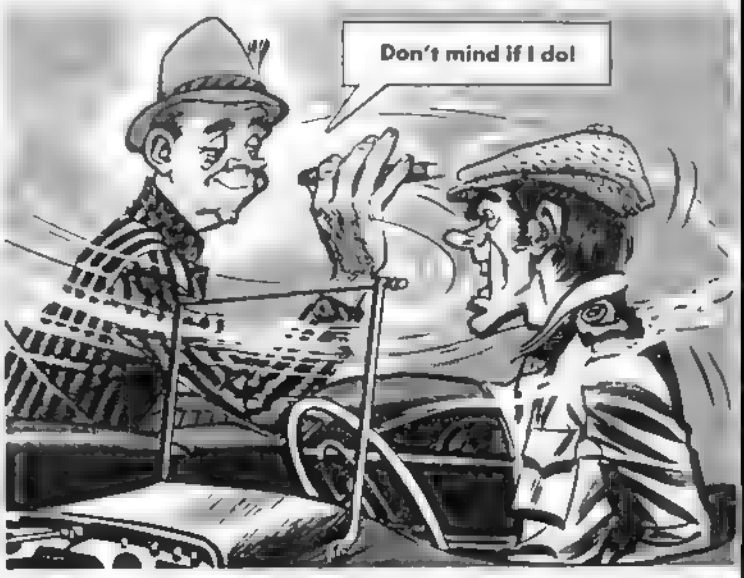
BURT LANCASTER TEETH



AN INCIDENT AT A RED LIGHT

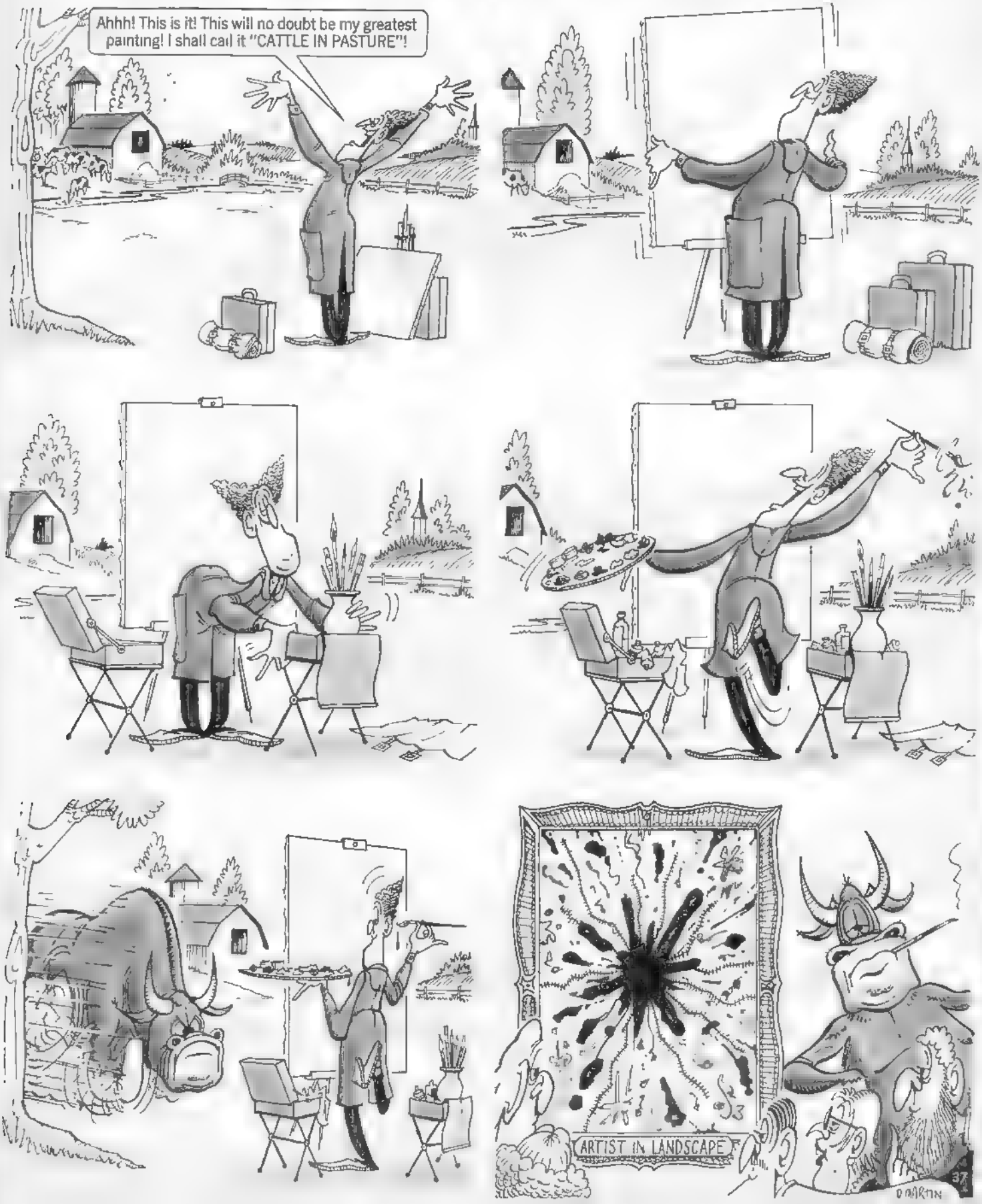


ARTIST WALLACE WOOD



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

THE IMPRESSIONIST



GADGET GOES TO DETROIT DEPT.

Whenever anyone buys a new car, he's got to add to the original lump that comes from Detroit. These additions are known as accessories. MAD feels that many of these accessories are frivolous doodads that do little to solve many of the problems of modern motoring. Accordingly, here are our suggestions for advancing the art of "optional-at-extra-cost" gadgetry—

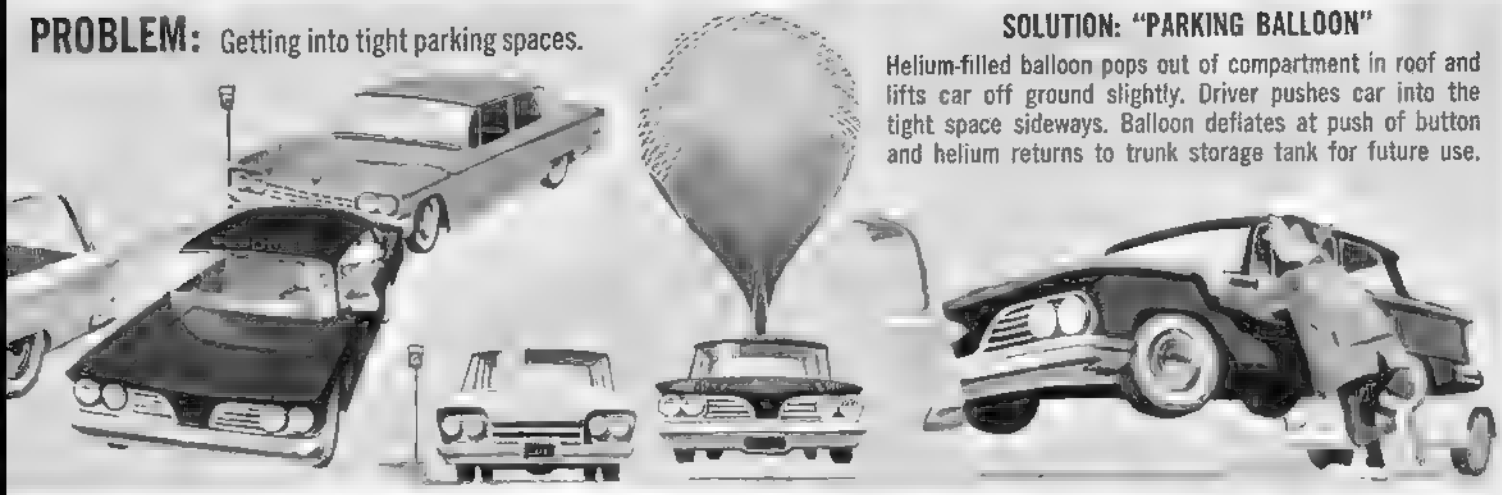
AUTO A

WE'D L

PROBLEM: Getting into tight parking spaces.

SOLUTION: "PARKING BALLOON"

Helium-filled balloon pops out of compartment in roof and lifts car off ground slightly. Driver pushes car into the tight space sideways. Balloon deflates at push of button and helium returns to trunk storage tank for future use.



PROBLEM: Thoughtless clods who discard trash, garbage and other junk along highways, defacing the green countryside.

SOLUTION: "GARBAGE DISGUISER-DISPOSAL"

This unit compresses litter into neat bundles, dyes them green, and ejects them off road where they aren't noticed.

PROBLEM: Having seat belts, but forgetting to use them.

SOLUTION: "SEAT BELT STARTER-LINK"

Seat belt buckle is wired to the ignition system so that the car cannot be started without fastening the seat belt.

CCESSORIES

IKE TO SEE

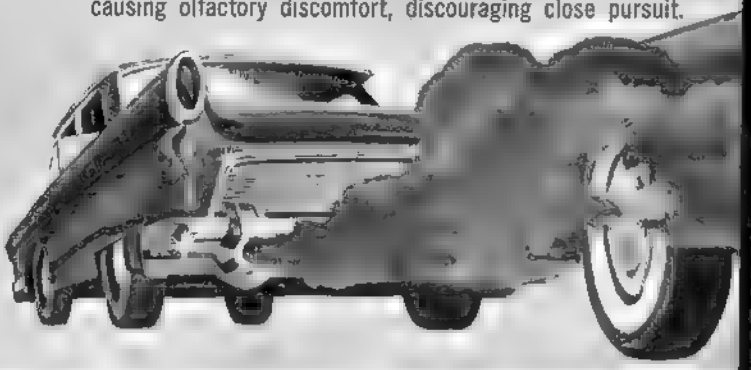
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: DON REILLY

PROBLEM: Driver-frustration at not being able to make their angry denunciations of idiots heard over noise of traffic.

SOLUTION: "DIRECTIONAL P.A. INSULT-HORN"
High-gain self-amplified speaker points in any direction.

PROBLEM: Idiots who hug your rear bumper at high speeds.

SOLUTION: "TAIL-GATE BLASTER"
Device releases foul-smelling cloud from rear of your car which is sucked into following car's ventilating system, causing olfactory discomfort, discouraging close pursuit.



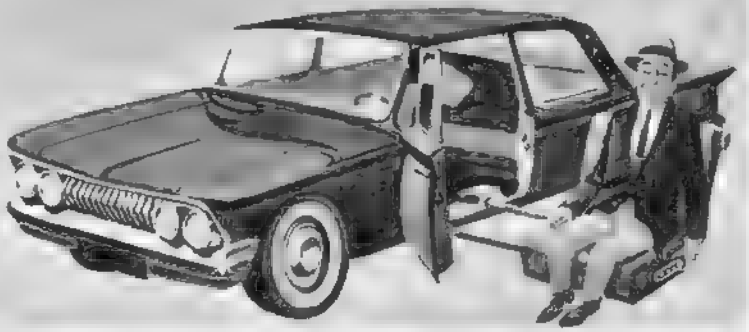
PROBLEM: Cigarette butts smouldering in ash trays.

SOLUTION: "AUTOMATIC BUTT-DOUSER"
Special squirter hooked up to automatic windshield-washer hose and tank douses foul-smelling butt at touch of button.

PROBLEM: Getting in and out of these ridiculously low silhouette cars of today without spraining a leg or your spine.

SOLUTION: "ELECTRIC ROLL-OUT SEATS"

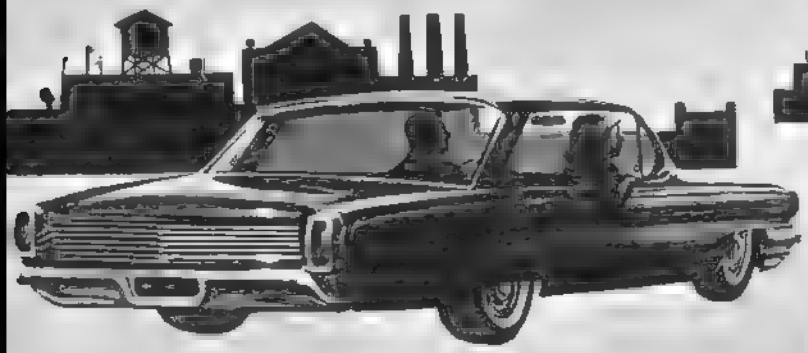
Car seats are attached to rollers or tracks, and slide out like drawers. Driver activates seat in or out with switch.



PROBLEM: Difficulty in setting romantic mood when you take your girl for a drive and you park behind the Pickle Works.

SOLUTION: "RETRACTABLE SCENE-SETTER"

Pop-up projector and screen provides appropriate romantic atmosphere no matter how squalid the actual surroundings.



PROBLEM: Opening car windows to pay toll collectors, gas station men, cops, etc., during cold, windy, rainy or snowy weather.

SOLUTION: "THERMO-PORT"

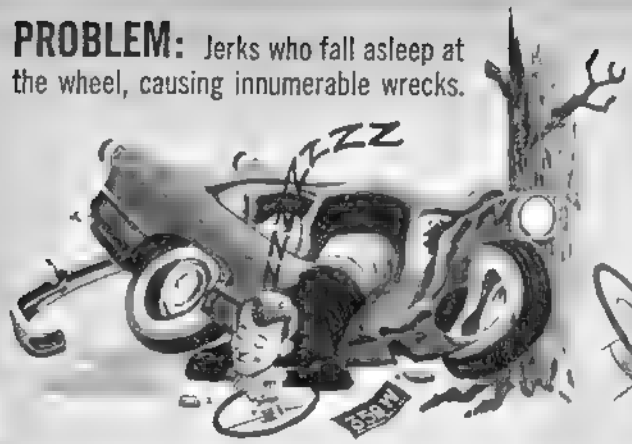
Flexible little portholes in doors keep bad weather out.

PROBLEM: The boring sight of so many look-alike Volkswagens, which gets worse and worse each year.

SOLUTION: "VOLKSWAGEN COSTUME JEWELRY"

Clever, tasteful accessories to make Volkswagens look different from one another, and relieve the monotony.

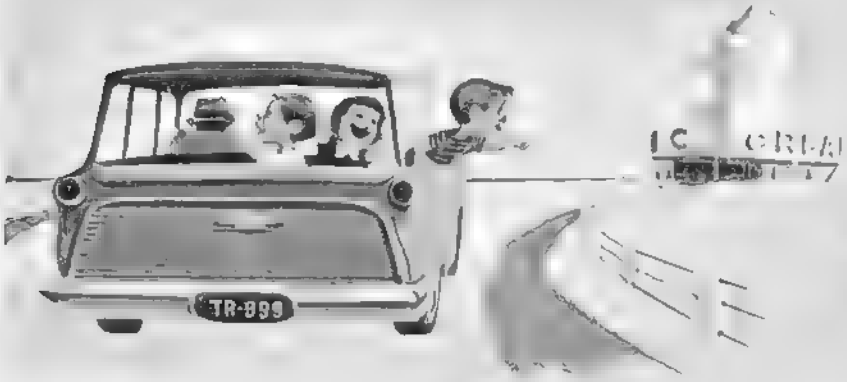
PROBLEM: Jerks who fall asleep at the wheel, causing innumerable wrecks.



SOLUTION: "SLEEP-STOPPER"

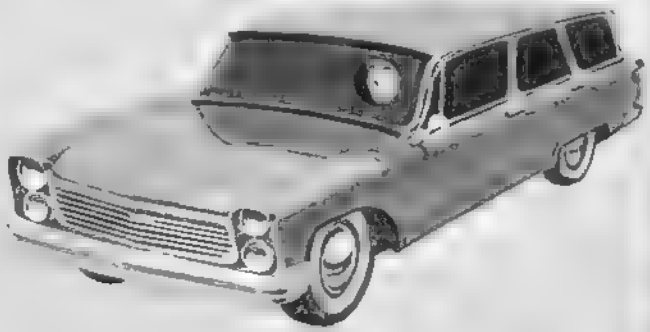
Adjustable rod attaches to horn ring on wheel and rests on driver's chest. If driver begins to nod forward, rod pushes horn ring . . . and horn blows.

PROBLEM: Passing amusement parks and ice cream stands while traveling with kids who demand that you stop at every one.

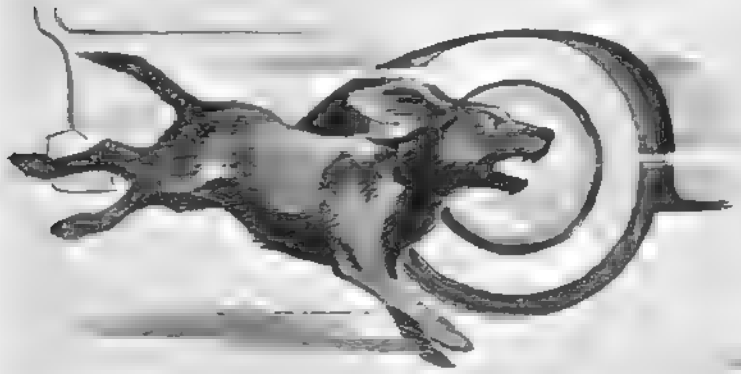


SOLUTION: "REMOTE CONTROL SIDE WINDOW BLINDS"

Blinds shoot up to cover side windows whenever driver spots one of these places coming up and presses button.

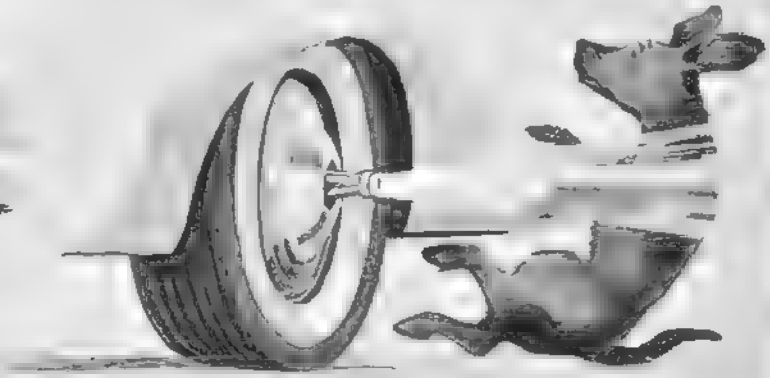


PROBLEM: Stupid dogs that insist on chasing cars.



SOLUTION: "DOG SQUIRTER"

High-pressure nozzle operated from dashboard stops this.

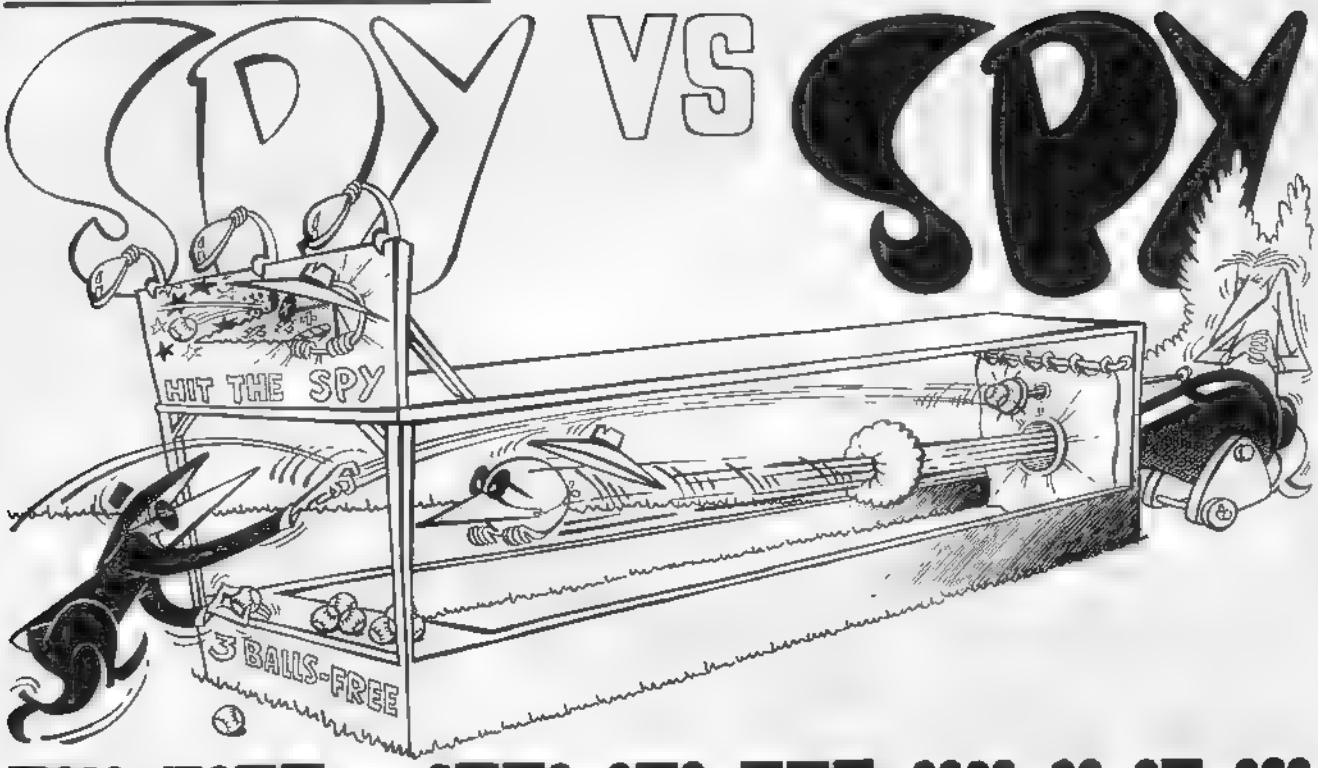


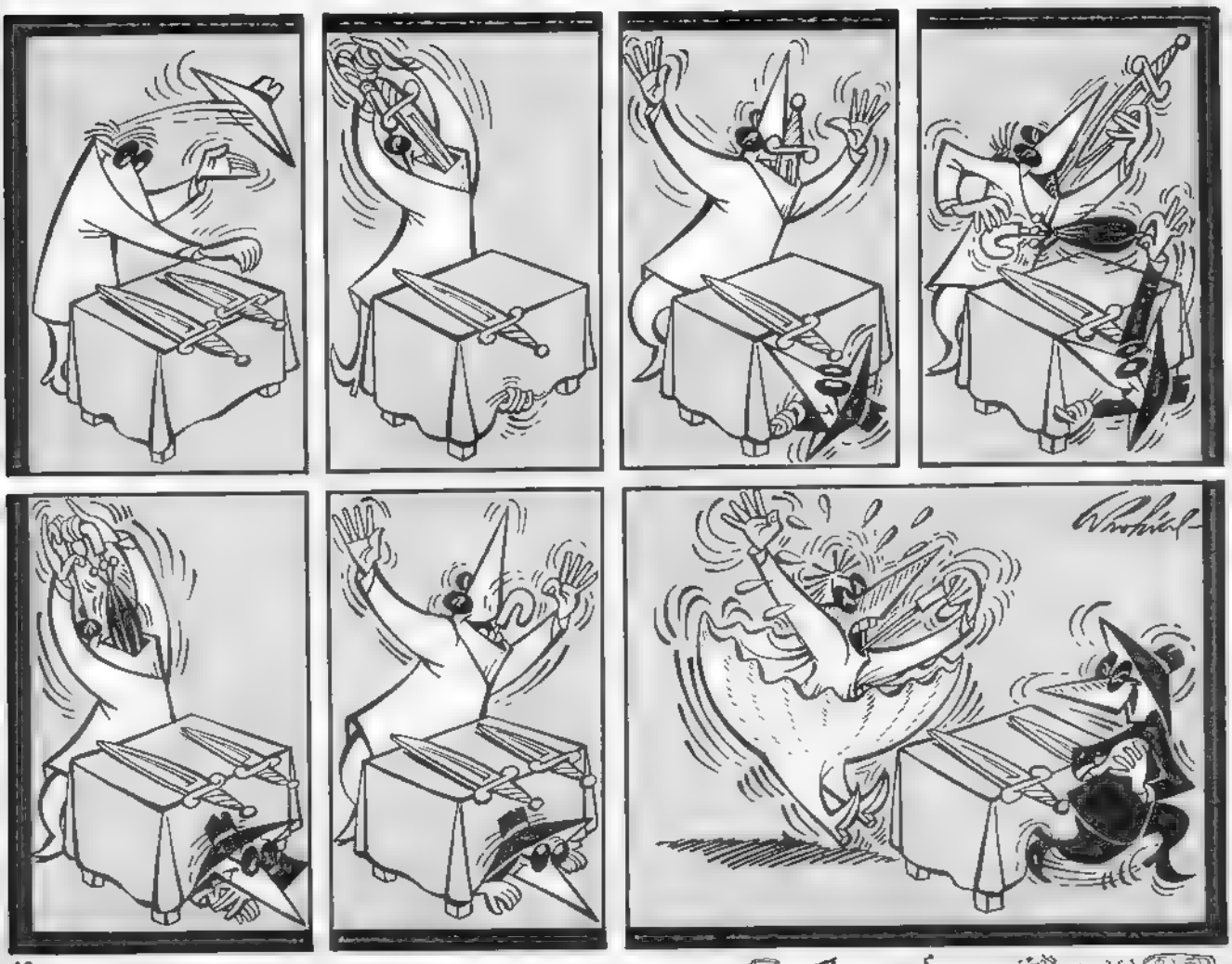
PROBLEM: Volkswagen owners who want to show that they're driving a new one, not an old one with a new paint job.

SOLUTION: "VOLKSWAGEN STATUS-DATERS"

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

SPY VS SPY



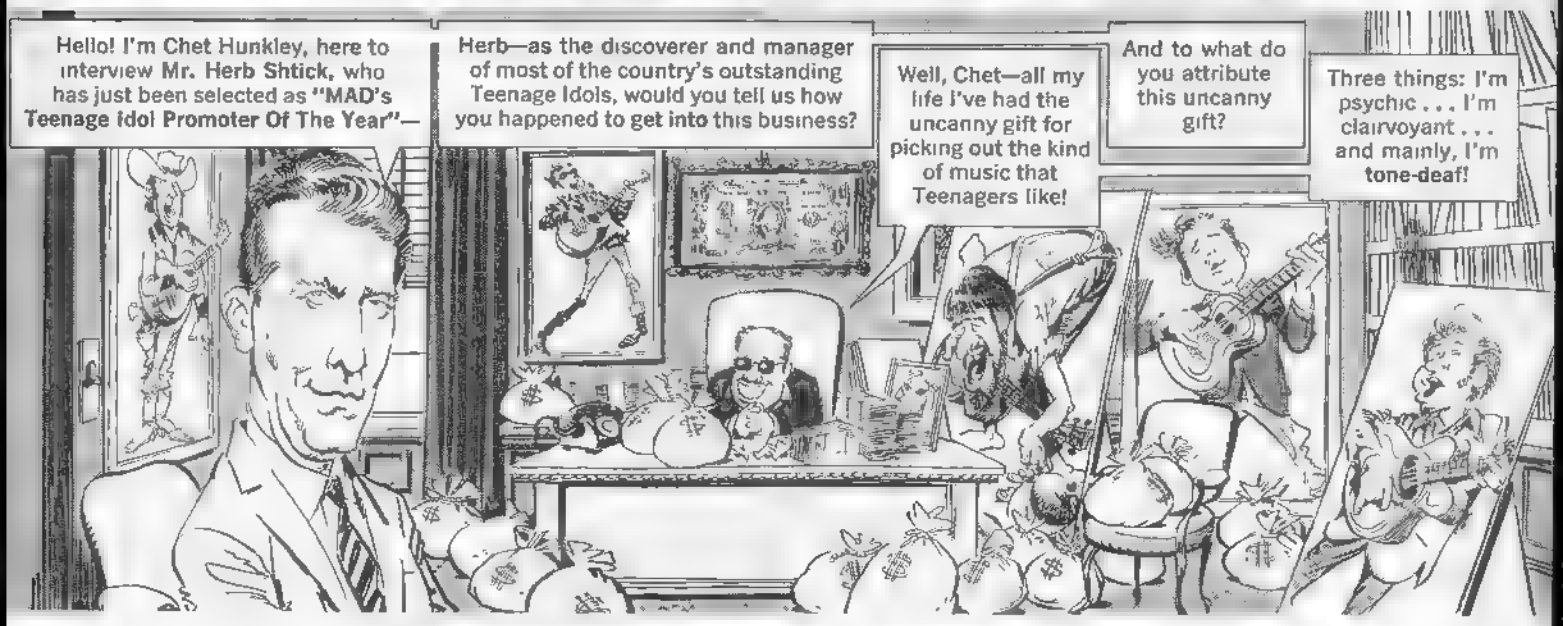


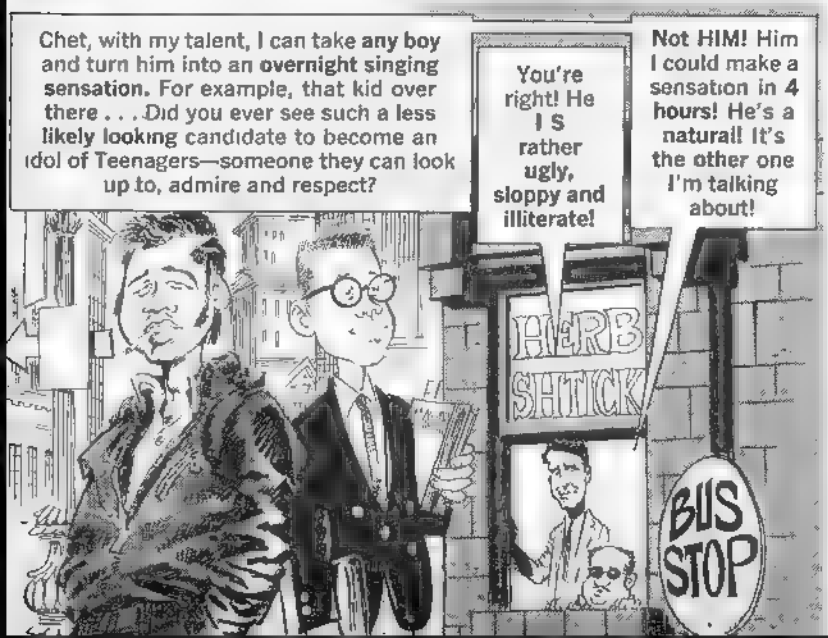
ROCK 'N' BANK ROLL DEPT.

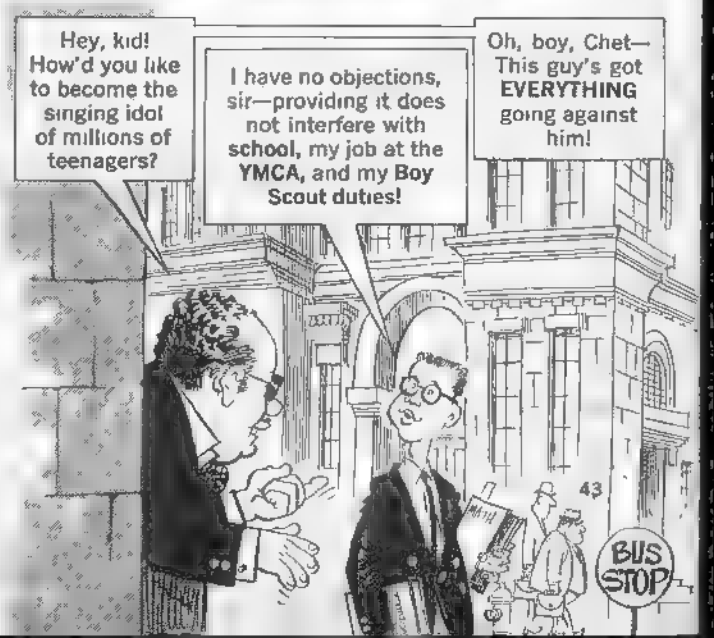
Okay, gang! It's time (you should pardon the expression) to "face the music" as we interview:

MAD'S *TEENAGE IDOL* PROMOTER OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITERS: LARRY SIEGEL







What's your name, kid?

Lancelot V. Healthy!

Forget it! From now on, you're Frankie Nirvana!

Nirvana! What a beautiful name! It connotes a beatific spiritual condition as specified in the Buddhist faith!

What kind spiritual condition! Nirvana sounds Italian! It always helps for a singer to be Italian!

TRY US AGAIN WHEN YOU LOSE THAT LISP!

The first thing we do, Chet, is make him up to LOOK like a teenage idol!

Okay, Frankie—until your neat crew-cut grows into long, luxurious, unkempt hair, you'll wear this wig!

Now we'll have to do something about your complexion! It's a little too smooth and white! I'll sort of grease up your face a bit . . . !

We'll get him to eat plenty of sweets before his debut so his face will break out! Teenagers all IDENTIFY with acne!

Now, let's take off this—ugh—horrible Brooks Brothers jacket and put on this beautiful ankle-length gold coat with neon buttons and sequins that light up in the dark and spell "I'm A Gasser!"

See that coat, Chet? We once offered it to Elvis Presley, but he turned it down!

How come? A little too much in bad taste?

No—a little too much in good taste!

This is our Publicity Department, Chet! In here, we translate the facts of Frankie's life into his Official Show Business Biography!

I was born in a nice big house in Boston . . . and my parents love me and understand me!

You were born in the slums of Philadelphia . . . and your parents don't dig you!

And I go to Harvard, and I always wanted to be a Nuclear Physicist! !

GREAT LINE!

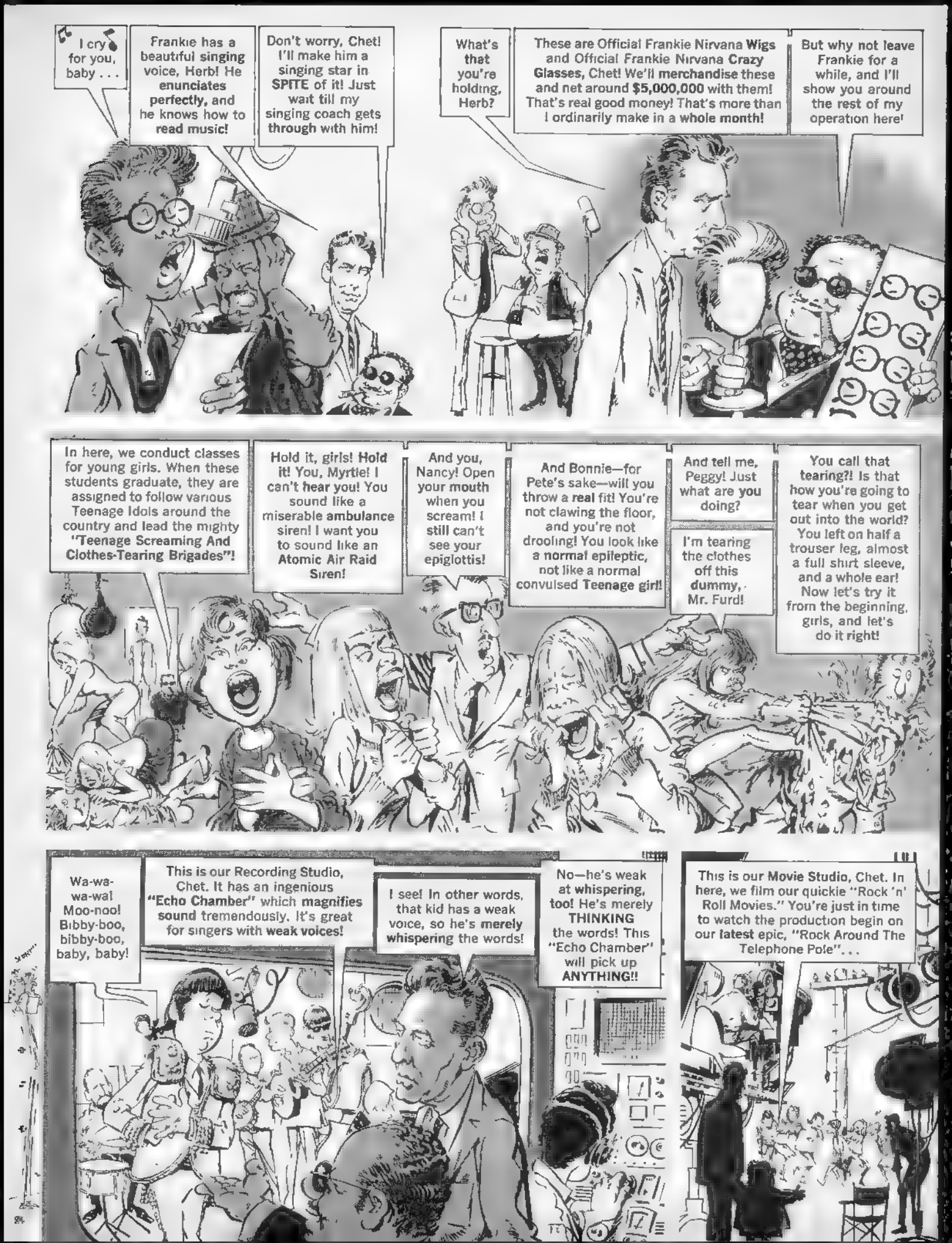
And you quit grammar school at 12 . . . and you always wanted to be a Professional Surfboard Rider!

SURFBOARD RIDER - GET THAT!

And I'm President of my local Bird-Watchers Society!

JAMES DEAN MEMORIAL SOCIETY - GOOD! GOOD!

And you're President of your local James Dean Memorial Society!


I cry for you, baby . . .
Frankie has a beautiful singing voice, Herb! He enunciates perfectly, and he knows how to read music!
Don't worry, Chet! I'll make him a singing star in SPITE of it! Just wait till my singing coach gets through with him!
What's that you're holding, Herb?
These are Official Frankie Nirvana Wigs and Official Frankie Nirvana Crazy Glasses, Chet! We'll merchandise these and net around $5,000,000 with them! That's real good money! That's more than I ordinarily make in a whole month!
But why not leave Frankie for a while, and I'll show you around the rest of my operation here!
In here, we conduct classes for young girls. When these students graduate, they are assigned to follow various Teenage Idols around the country and lead the mighty "Teenage Screaming And Clothes-Tearing Brigades"!
Hold it, girls! Hold it! You, Myrtle! I can't hear you! You sound like a miserable ambulance siren! I want you to sound like an Atomic Air Raid Siren!
And you, Nancy! Open your mouth when you scream! I still can't see your epiglottis!
And Bonnie—for Pete's sake—will you throw a real fit! You're not clawing the floor, and you're not drooling! You look like a normal epileptic, not like a normal convulsed Teenage girl!
And tell me, Peggy! Just what are you doing?
I'm tearing the clothes off this dummy, Mr. Furd!
You call that tearing?! Is that how you're going to tear when you get out into the world? You left on half a trouser leg, almost a full shirt sleeve, and a whole ear! Now let's try it from the beginning, girls, and let's do it right!
Wa-wa-wa-wa! Moo-noo! Bibby-boo, bibby-boo, baby, baby!
This is our Recording Studio, Chet. It has an ingenious "Echo Chamber" which magnifies sound tremendously. It's great for singers with weak voices!
I see! In other words, that kid has a weak voice, so he's merely whispering the words!
No—he's weak at whispering, too! He's merely THINKING the words! This "Echo Chamber" will pick up ANYTHING!!
This is our Movie Studio, Chet. In here, we film our quickie "Rock 'n' Roll Movies." You're just in time to watch the production begin on our latest epic, "Rock Around The Telephone Pole"...

Okay, cast—here's the story line—

Tommy, a young Rock 'n' Roll Neuro-surgeon, meets Connie, a lovely Rock 'n' Roll Chiropodist, near a corner telephone pole. They dance for a while, fall in love, and decide to call it "their pole"—

Then the Rock 'n' Roll Mayor tells them he's going to tear down their pole to make way for a thin apartment house. So the lovers get their friends to stage a **Rock 'n' Roll Concert** around their pole in order to raise money to keep it from being torn down.

Well, they save the pole, and then they all Rock 'n' Roll across town to watch **Bobby Vinton** being sworn in as **Secretary-General of the United Nations.** All right—places, please. Lights—camera—action!

That looks like an interesting movie, Herb. I'm sorry we couldn't watch them film more than that one scene!

One scene!? You saw them film the **whole movie, Chet!** Our Rock 'n' Roll movies only take **three** or **four** minutes to make. The budget on that one was **$112.87** and I figure we'll gross **$7,000,000** on it when it's released!

Okay, Chet—what do you say we go back and see how **Frankie Nirvana** is doing now?

WE'LL CALL YOU!

Frankie—you're just about **set to go!** But before we launch you in your phenomenal career, you'll have to take the **final audition!**

What **kind** of audition?

By a panel of **experts** who will tell us **immediately** if you're going to **make it** as a Teenage Singing Idol!

When will the audition be over, Herb?

Any minute! I cannot over-emphasize how **important** this final audition is, Chet! This can **make** or **break** Frankie—Oh-oh! Here they come, now—

AUDITION ROOM

AUDITION OVER

The kid is **tremendous!**

A marvelous Rock 'n' Roll singer!

He has a **great quality** about him!

He **can't miss!**

Well, I guess that does it, Herb! They loved him!

That does it all right, Chet! Frankie Nirvana is **FINISHED!** He's **THROUGH!** Even before his career has **begun!**

I don't **get it,** Herb! They **raved** about him!

That's just it! That panel was made up of **Parents** of Teenage kids. We've learned after years of experience that if the Parents like something, the Teenagers **hate it**—and **vice-versa.** Those parents **liked** Frankie, so naturally he'll never make it as a Teenage Idol. Oh—if they only **hated** him! **If they only hated him!**

HALL OF FAME

Gee, Herb! I'm sorry Frankie didn't make it!

You can't win 'em all, Chet! But for every Frankie Nirvana who fails, there are dozens who make it big. Before you go, though, I'd like you to meet someone who I think is going to be the greatest Teenage singing sensation of all time. But before I show him to you, I'd like to take you into our "Teenage Idol Hall of Fame" for a little background dope on our business . . . !

It's interesting how Popular Singers have progressed through the years, Chet!

In the '20's and '30's, the great Singing Idol was Rudy Vallee here—a clean-cut Ivy League type . . . !

In the '40's, a new sensation came along. He wasn't nearly as clean-cut as Vallee. He was a lot earthier and cruder. His name was Frank Sinatra—

In the '50's, the Number One Idol was Elvis Presley. He was much more earthier and much more primitive than Frank Sinatra!

Then of course, along came the Beatles in the '60's. They were the wildest and most primitive singers of them all . . .

What are you getting at, Herb?

Just this: The story of Teenage Singing Idols in this century is the story of evolution in reverse! They started out nice and civilized, and they gradually became wilder, more savage and more uncivilized. So now, I'd like you to meet the next Teenage Singing Sensation . . .

SOL SIMIAN!

Ugga-ooh, Ooka-ekk, Ogga-ogga, oook oook!

No! NO! You're not slurring your words enough, Sol! That's "Oogga-ecch"—NOT "Oooka-ekk"! Now try it again!!

Do you think he's hairy enough?

Yeah, but I don't think he looks moronic enough!

Hey! We can have screaming Teenage girls throw Jelly Beans at him!

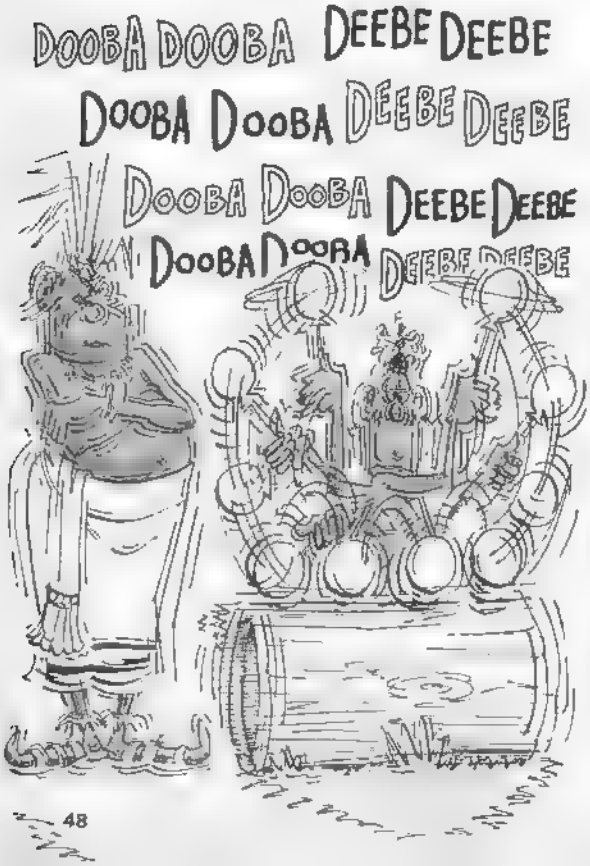
Don't be an idiot! That's the Beatle's bit! We're gonna have 'em throw BANANAS at him!

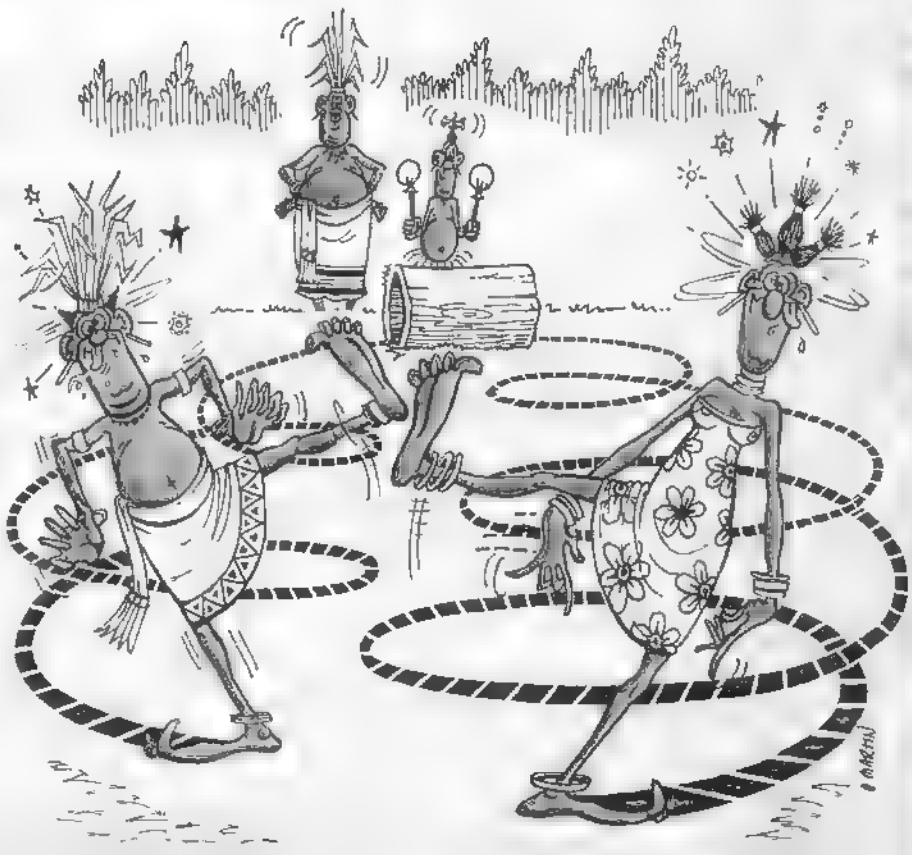
What's Sol's schedule for his debut week?

Let's see . . . Saturday, he records "Oogga-Ecch"! Sunday, he sings it on the Ed Sullivan Show! Monday, his record is a sellout, and he plays Las Vegas! Tuesday, he does a one-man concert at Carnegie Hall! Wednesday, he plays a Command Performance for The President! Thursday, he . . .

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

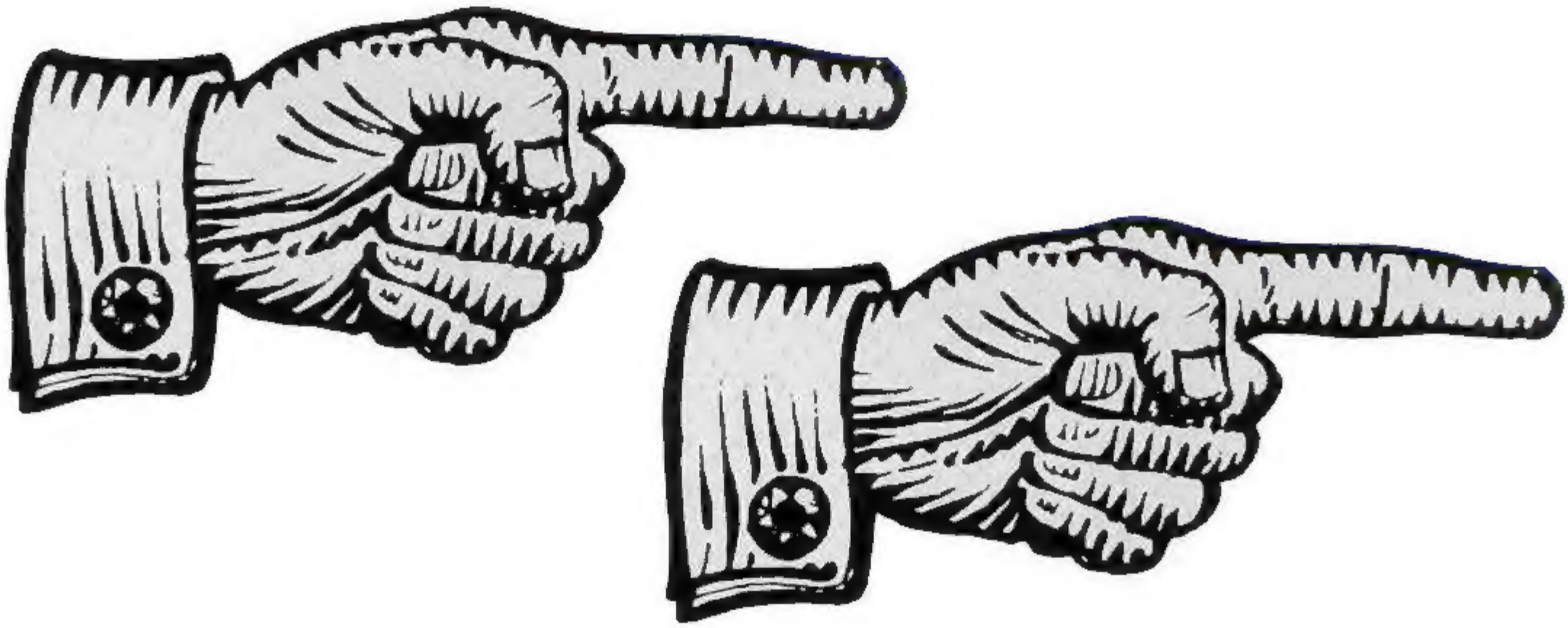
THE MESSAGE





Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



THIS ISSUE'S ECONOMY-MINDED, BLACK-AND-WHITE, ONE PAGE

MAD FOLD-IN

Millions of people who suffer from dread diseases and disorders are praying that cures will be found in time to save them. Scientists and researchers, employed by American Industry, are aware of this. Rest assured they know what is really important, and will dedicate themselves to finding solutions. Now fold page in and you will see:

THE NEXT SCIENTIFIC-MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH THAT MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WILL BE SPENT TO DISCOVER

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER TO LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SCARLET FEVER
ARTHRITIS
FLU
ENCEPHALITIS LETHARGICA
CHOLERA
INFANTILE PARALYSIS
GRIPPE
ASTHMA
RHEUMATISM
EDEMA
TYPHUS
TETANUS
EPILEPSY
SHINGLE

TUBERCULOSIS
HEART DISEASE
CONJUNCTIVITIS
BERI-BERI
DYSENTERY
HAY FEVER
VARICOSE VEINS
PELLAGRA
SEVEN YEAR ITCH
PNEUMONIA
MAD ADDICTION
ALFRED
E.
NEUMA

Daffee

THE HEALTH OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, CRIPPLED AND SICK WITH ALL THEM TERRIBLE DISEASES AND DISORDERS AND (YECCH!) OTHER THINGS! THIS IS WHAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY'S SCIENTISTS KNOW IS REALLY IMPORTANT!

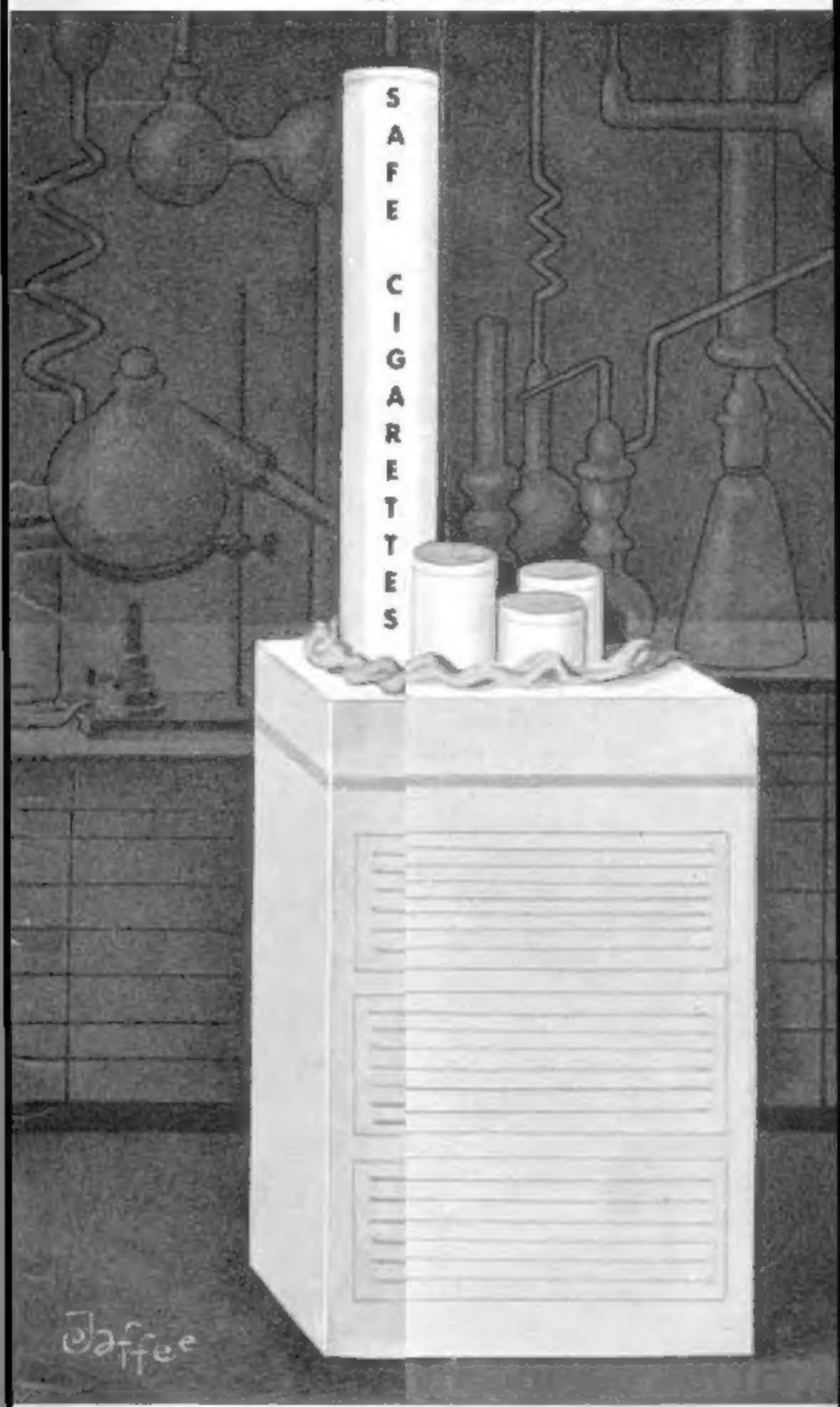
THIS ISSUE'S ECO

MA

Millions of people
praying that cures
and researchers, e
Rest assured they
themselves to find

THE NEXT ROUGH THAT MILLIONS 'O DISCOVER

A ▸◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



THE HECK WITH
ALL THEM OTHER
THINGS! THIS IS REALLY IMPORTANT!

Make Beautiful Hair

BLECCH

THERE ARE THREE BLECCH SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Are you a teenage boy with Beautiful Hair? Well no wonder the girls hardly notice you. Today, you've got to be a teenage boy with Blecch hair. Then the girls will scream with delight, roll on the floor and kick their feet when they see you. So why waste another minute? Shampoo your hair with Blecch tonight. Blecch comes in three special formulas:

● For dry hair—a special formula that takes neat crew-cut type hair and lays it down over your ears. ● For oily hair—loosens up that slick-combing stuff so it spills down over your eyes. ● For normal hair—gives it proper body so it mushrooms all over your head. Get the shampoo that's right for you, and make your hair "Blecch"! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!